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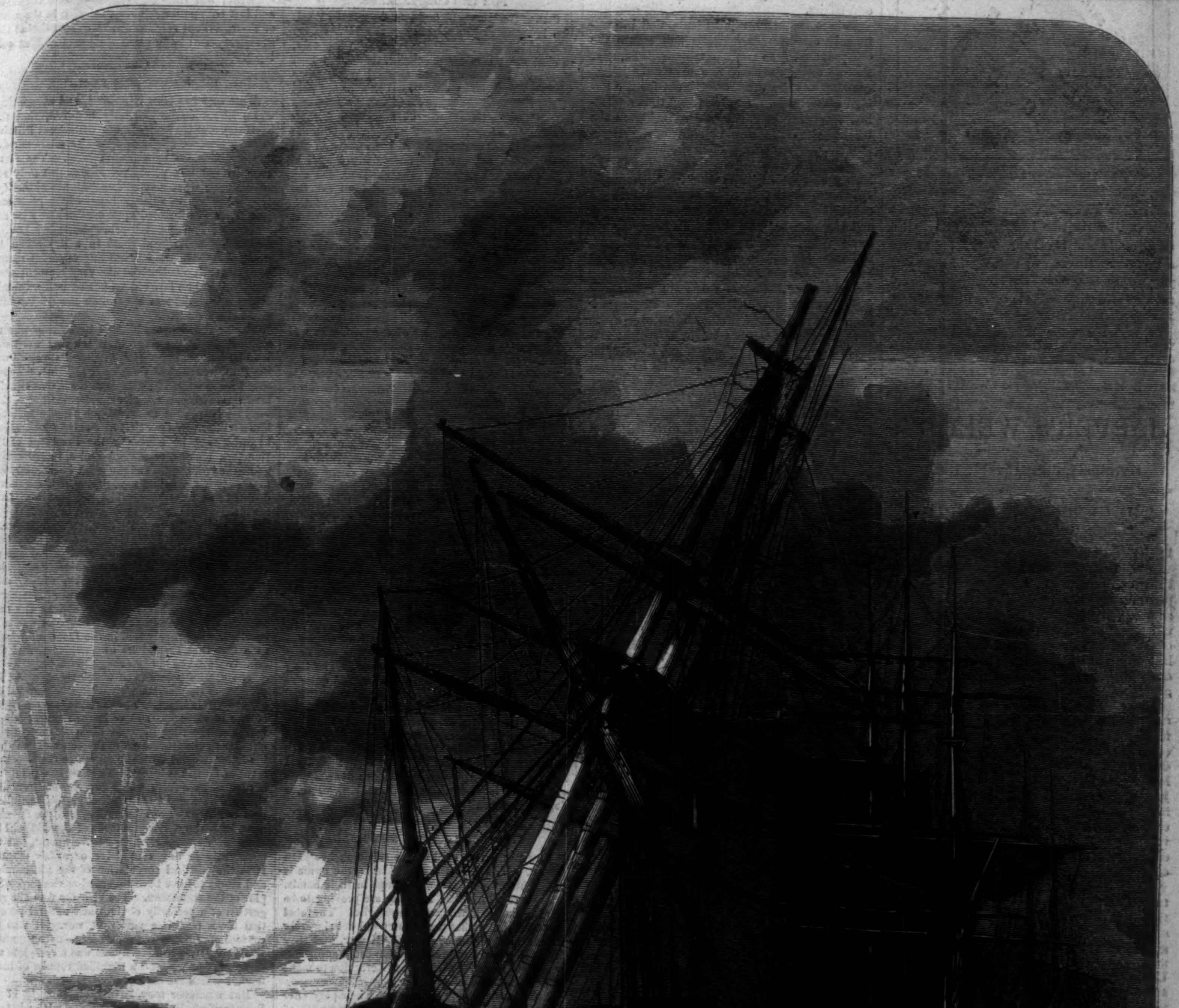
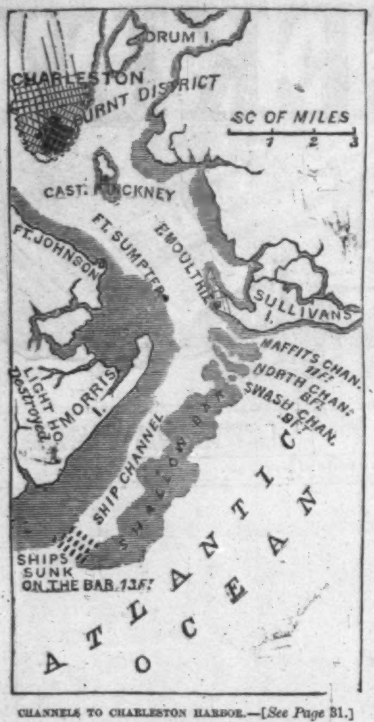


SINKING THE STONE FLEET IN CHARLESTON HARBOR.—[See Page 31.]



CHANNELS TO CHARLESTON HARBOR.—[*See Page* 31.]

☞ THE **FIFTH VOLUME** of HARPER'S WEEKLY, for the year 1861, is now ready, price $3 50, neatly bound in cloth. This Volume forms a COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE WAR for the past year, and contains some FIVE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS. It is indispensable to every library.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1862.

THE SURRENDER OF THE TRAITORS.

THE traitors Mason, Slidell, Eustis, and Macfarland have been surrendered to the British Government. The country was prepared for the event, and gulps the bitter pill in silence. Mr. Secretary Seward has written a rather ingenious and extremely long justification of the act. It is to be hoped that it will so far help him abroad that British journalists will cease to represent him as the sworn foe of England and of peace.

Every body here knew a week ago that the traitors would be given up. Not because of any technical informalities in their arrest, but because it was infinitely better that we should endure a certain amount of humiliation at the hands of Great Britain than that we should jeopard the great cause of the Union by throwing the naval power of England into the rebel scale. The main point thus determined, it devolved upon Mr. Seward to decide the form and conditions of our compliance with the demand of Great Britain.

He might have said that the arrest of the traitors was right and proper, and their detention legal; but that, in the present circumstances, the country was not in a condition to go to war with England while the much more momentous question of the dissolution of the Union was being discussed in the battle-field, and therefore that Mason and Slidell were surrendered for the sake of peace.

Or he might have said that, while the general spirit of international law justified the arrest, no perfectly parallel case had ever occurred, and therefore a doubt existed as to the complete lawfulness of Captain Wilkes's act; and that as peace with Great Britain was at the present juncture absolutely necessary to this country, he would give England the benefit of the doubt, and would release the prisoners to please her and to appease the British mob.

Or he might have argued the case from a legal point of view, setting in bold relief the arguments on the British side, and "casting behind him" the strong points of our case; and might thus have concluded, in the teeth of the expressed view of Secretary Welles, and the sentiment of nine-tenths of the people of the United States, that the arrest was unjustifiable, the British claim reasonable, and our duty imperative.

Of these three courses the two first would have completely satisfied the people of the United States, and would not have lowered the fame of the Secretary. Whether the third will prove as satisfactory as the others to the great mass of our people is a question which it will take time to decide.

M. Thouvenel's dispatch, darkly hinting that France would be found on the side of Great Britain in the event of hostilities with this country, confirms the opinion we have had occasion to express more than once—that we have no real friends on the other side of the ocean. The logic of the French Minister is not worth examination. His strong point is that the *Trent* was sailing from one neutral point to another; a perfectly immaterial circumstance, in view of the fact that she carried dispatches and officers of the rebel Government. Sir Wm. Scott always held that the immediate point of departure and the direct destination were immaterial if the goods contraband of war actually came from belligerent ports, or were ultimately destined for belligerent uses. The practical lesson to be learned from M. Thouvenel's essay, is that France will not be on our side in the event of trouble between England and ourselves. Mr. Seward's smooth answer must not delude any one into imagining that our Government places the least reliance upon the hereditary friendship existing between this country and France; but that it relies, as it should do, on our own strength for the regulation of our own affairs.

It is to be hoped, at all events, that this extremely disagreeable business will secure the end proposed by so much humiliation—namely, that we may be suffered to conclude the job of crushing out the rebellion without further foreign interference. At the present time a piratical steamer—the *Nashville*—belonging to the rebels, half filled with the plunder of the American ship *Harvey Birch*, which she burned within sight of the British coast, is refitting in the harbor of Southampton: the British steamer *Gladiator*, filled with arms and munitions for the rebels, is lying in the British port of Nassau, and has been supplied with coals to enable her to run into Savannah or some other rebel port, while the authorities of Nassau refuse coals to our gun-boat, the *Flambeau*, which is watching for her: other British steamers are notoriously fitting out in England with like cargoes for the rebels; and British officials all over, from the Governor of Canada to the Consul at Havana, give palpable evidence of their sympathy with the rebels. It is to be hoped that this measure of unfriendliness and injury may suffice. We do trust that the British may be satisfied with equipping pirates to prey upon our commerce, and receiving them with their plunder; with converting British ports into harbors of safety for our enemy's ships, and refusing to sell coal to our vessels; with permitting their officials to receive with honor and respect the emissaries of the rebels, and to visit with their high displeasure any British subject who shows a friendly spirit toward this country. As we have treaties of alliance with England, and the members of the British Government are constantly assuring us of their high regard for us, perhaps these injuries may slake their dislike for the United States and for democracy. It is to be hoped, after the surrender of Mason and Slidell, that they will.

SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

ON 28th December the New York City Banks suspended specie payments. Their example will be followed by the Banks of Philadelphia and Boston, and by the Government of the United States.

The suspension is a consequence of the war. It has been evident for some time that the Government could not borrow money fast enough to defray the cost of so enormous a war as the one in which we are now engaged, and that a resort to issues of inconvertible paper money was inevitable. That necessity rendered the suspension of the Banks indispensable. They could not go on paying specie while the Government was issuing its paper at the rate of a million and a half a day, and declining to redeem it in coin. And it has been doubted whether the Banks would not have evinced more wisdom had they foreseen the crisis a month ago, and suspended with forty millions of coin on hand, than to have waited, as they have done, until nearly half their reserve has been withdrawn from them.

The last time the Banks suspended, the danger which rendered suspension necessary was a drain of gold to Europe. No such danger exists to-day. The balance of trade is in our favor, and we are more likely to draw gold from Europe than Europe from us.

Suspension is necessary now in order to "tide over" the period intervening between the present time and the entire suppression of the rebellion. As soon as the rebellion is crushed out the paper money which shall have been emitted by Government will then be funded or redeemed in coin at the pleasure of Government. There will then be no reason why the banks should not resume specie payments at once, and they will of course do so.

The extent of the changes which may take place between this and then must depend on the duration of the war, and the economy with which it is carried on.

If Congress passes tax laws sufficient to insure an ample fund for the due payment of interest upon the entire debt incurred for the suppression of the rebellion; and if Mr. Chase pursues a policy of strict economy in his financial administration, the new paper money to be issued by Government need not depreciate below one or two per cent., and gold need not rise above one or two per cent. premium. There can be no security in this country better than that of the United States, with their growing wealth and resources, the whole of which are pledged for the redemption of this paper. Even if five hundred millions of it were set afloat in the year 1862—which is more than can be needed without great extravagance somewhere—our debt at the close of the year will only be one-fourth that of Great Britain, and our means of payment fully equal, if not superior to hers.

Meanwhile let us trust that Government and our Generals will strain every nerve to accomplish the work before them without a moment's delay. Time now is precious indeed.

THE LOUNGER.

FOR THE CONTRABANDS.

ONE of the most practical questions of the rebellion is set forth in a recent Report of Dr. Robert Ware to the Sanitary Commission, how, properly, to clothe and care for the "contrabands" at Fort Monroe. By the order of General Wool, those who are employed by officers and citizens are paid at the rate of eight dollars a month for men, and four dollars for women, from which sum is deducted enough to pay for proper clothing. Those not thus employed are engaged in the service of the Government, and are paid ten dollars a month, with quarters, one ration, and clothing, the expense of the latter being deducted from the ten dollars. The old men and boys are paid five dollars a month, with rations and clothing. There are about fifteen hundred contrabands, of whom six hundred are women. The Government partly supplies the men whom it employs with coat, trowsers, shoes, and hat; but furnishes none for women and children, and no under-clothing for any. The quarters are still insufficient, and these people are painfully crowded.

The chief Quarter-master of the post, who was charged with the care of the contrabands, was necessarily entirely occupied with the inevitable duties of his office; and Mr. H. S. Marsh, of Syracuse, has been appointed chief Superintendent of contrabands, and he appeals to the generosity of all who are disposed to improve the condition of the refugees by sending old or new clothing for women and children, and under-garments for the men. Those who do not choose to send directly to Mr. Marsh, at Fortress Monroe, may send to Mr. F. G. Shaw, in the basement of 112 and 114 Broadway, which has been generously granted for the purpose by the New York Life Insurance Company.

It is one of the many ways in which every one who will may help on the good cause. And it is not only at Fort Monroe that the aid will be needed. As fast as our flag advances the necessity will be created. Deserted by their masters, or flying to a flag which they believe to be the flag of liberty, the responsibility of caring for them is thrown upon us. We neither can nor ought to avoid it. We must direct their industry, and we must see that they do not suffer. Our duty is not done when circumstances have freed them. The long arrears of injury to a race are not settled quite so easily. But the question is manageable now, and it will be our fault if it becomes unmanageable. It is not the fault of the poor contrabands that they are cold and hungry. Let us clothe and feed them; remembering, at this holy tide, that "The King shall answer and say unto them: Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

THE LAST TRUMP IN THE HAND.

THE last trump card of the rebellion has been played. If it fail to take the trick, the game is up. There were but three trumps in their hands. They were all knaves; and they are proving to be mere Jacks. The first was the surprise. The rebel gamesters knew that the country did not sincerely believe in the imminence of civil war, and they hoped to succeed before the nation could sufficiently recover from the shock of consternation to make an effective resistance.

The gamblers were mistaken. Their play only revealed to the country the depth and strength of its own resolution.

Then they hoped, and probably believed, that they should find confederates in their game in the loyal States; and that war would be made upon the Government by the Democratic party, and not exclusively by a slave-driving faction. But the smoke of Sumter cleared away only to show them their appalling self-deceit. So far as support of their treason was concerned, the great Democratic party in the loyal States had dwindled to such people as Mr. Benjamin Wood and Mr. Vallandigham, who thought they could harm their country more by remaining in Congress to try to paralyze the arm of the Government raised to smite traitors. Mr. Ben Wood is long since silenced, and Mr. Vallandigham struggles desperately to aid and assist the rebellion by an effort to plunge us into war with Great Britain. The people who were so clamorous for "peace" with rebels who were shooting down loyal citizens engaged in defending the liberties of the nation, are now vociferous to force war with England upon a fairly debatable point of international law, in which, if we are wrong, every honorable citizen will frankly confess it.

In this course these gentry are but helping the rebel leaders to play their third and last card; an alliance with England upon any terms, in order that the slave-holding confederacy may be recognized and protected, and that, if possible, this Government may be overthrown. And as this was their last, so it is their strongest, play. The support of Great Britain has been their fond dream from the beginning. As long ago as the Charleston Convention, at which the first steps of rebellion were taken by Yancey and his friends in forcing two Democratic nominations, the chances of English sympathy and assistance were openly discussed in private circles. In *DeBow's Review*, in which the philosophy and practicability of treason has long been debated—a *Review* which was peculiarly commended to "national" support—the fact has been constantly assumed that Great Britain would not permit trouble between the Government of this country and traitors. During the sessions of the "Peace Congress," last February, Slidell and Hunter said, and complacently reiterated, the same thing. The theory was that Great Britain was a monarchy, and its king was cotton.

So they have played that card, and the result is still undecided. But if calmness, and sagacity, and most faithful patriotism and discretion can block the game of rebellion, and discomfit treason by bringing this play also to naught, it will be done. And if it be done, of course it results in a clearer understanding than ever between the United States and Great Britain.

Should war thus be avoided—should the third and last trump card fail—the reaction in the mind of the rebellious section will be so signal that the conspiracy will be in great danger of sudden collapse.

MR. SEWARD AND ENGLAND.

A REPORT has been circulated, and at one time was without doubt generally believed, that the Secretary of State wanted a war with Great Britain, in order that we might be forced to settle our domestic difficulties by a compromise. The story not only got into print, but it was privately repeated upon what seemed indisputable authority. Why a statesman so sagacious—whose great and just fame was founded upon a calm and wise adherence to fundamental principles, after having steadfastly maintained them in a day when he stood alone—should without any apparent reason whatsoever desert them at the very moment they had brought him into official power, and wantonly disgrace himself, was a question always too incisive to be answered.

To say that he was blinded by success was no answer; for in the sense in which that word was used he was not successful, because "success" was the Presidency, and he was not President. To say that he was soured by disappointment was equally inadequate; because, under the circumstances, that would have meant treason, and nobody believed him a traitor. To say that he wanted a separation, in order that he might be the President of the Northern Union; or a compromise, in order that he might be President as the great Pacificator, was to accuse his political sagacity, which was never doubted; or his sanity, which relieves him from censure.

But while this report was circulated at home, the universal faith in England seems to have been that the one thing upon which Mr. Seward was resolved was war with Great Britain. So much a matter of course was this, that the utterly silly story, that Mr. Seward told the Duke of Newcastle that either he or Mr. Lincoln would be the next President, and that in any case England was to be insulted, was gravely told in the London *Chronicle* as a fact that carried its own evidence, and that nobody would be hardy enough to doubt.

The precise points upon which this general impression of the Secretary's wishes was founded are not easy to indicate. They are probably a speech of two or three years since in the Senate; his remarks at the New England dinner last year; his circular to the Governors of the coast States; and his letter to Lord Lyons in regard to the imprisonment of British subjects. The first two points are explained by a faith which Mr. Seward probably shares with a great many other political thinkers, that in the order of civilization, and the development of history, the provinces of Canada will become incorporated with this Government, but not necessarily in any convulsive or unfair manner. It is the political speculation of the philosopher, and seems to have been regarded as the purpose or plot of the statesman. The circular was the suggestion of a perfectly obvious and natural precaution for a maritime power at war. It was the counsel of ordinary common sense—nothing more; while the letter to Lord Lyons was a complete vindication of policy, and a dignified rebuke of interference which the case amply justified.

But whatever may have been thought of the Secretary's feeling for England, and with whatever apparent reason, the publication of his dispatches to Mr. Adams in London puts him, and us, and all honest Englishmen right. It is now clear that whatever the highest courtesy, the greatest ability, the truest honor, and the sincerest sympathy could do to avert the chance of war with Great Britain has been done by Mr. Seward. No one can understand in the least the masterly ability with which he manages our foreign affairs at this most critical moment who does not read this correspondence. As to its spirit, let these extracts testify.

On the 19th of June he writes to Mr. Adams: "We are anxious to avoid all causes of misunderstanding with Great Britain: to draw closer instead of breaking the existing bonds of amity and friendship. There is nothing good or great which both nations may not expect to attain or effect if they may remain friends. It would be a hazardous day for both the branches of the British race when they should try how much harm each could do the other."

On the first of July he writes: "We, as you are well aware, have every desire for a good understanding with the British Government. It causes us no concern that the Government sends a naval force into the Gulf and a military force into Canada. We can have no designs hostile to Great Britain so long as she does not, officially or unofficially, recognize the insurgents or render them aid or sympathy. * * * Under present circumstances, the more effectually Great Britain guards her possessions and her commerce in this quarter, the better we shall be satisfied. If she should change her course and do us any injury, which we have not the least idea now that she proposes to do, we should not be deterred from vindicating our rights and our unbroken sovereignty against all the armies and navies she could send here."

Of all Mr. Seward's services to his country—and they are many and signal, unquestionably greater than those of any other of our living statesmen—none is more honorable to his country and himself than his correspondence with Great Britain during the last year.

THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."

This is the title of a London Weekly paper which has a bad eminence for hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, especially toward America and Americans. Thackeray calls it the *Superfine Review*, from its affectation of universal superiority; and John Bright dubs it the *Saturday Reviler*, from its universal scurrility. But an American scholar, Henry James, in a note to his masterly address of last July, upon "The Social Significance of our Institutions," tells the truth of it in so trenchant and sparkling a manner that it should be put upon permanent record.

He says: "This able but unscrupulous paper is an involuntary and therefore most reliable witness of the utter worthlessness, for all social purposes, of the extremest culture of the head, which is moral culture, when weighed against the slenderest culture of the heart, which alone is spiritual culture. It seems to have had no more genuine mission than to show the rank and festering selfishness which has eaten out the vitals of the old European decency, coming now at last to the surface to corrode and consume every traditional usage of humane and sympathetic literary art which has hitherto masked its presence and limited its activity. If the *Saturday Review* fairly represent the scholarly *animus* of England—if its flippant, transparent Pharisaism, its puerile self-complacency, its wanton insolence, its truculent arrogance, exhibited toward every form of intellectual independence—except, as in the case of John Mill, where a great reputation sanctifies it—and toward every the most honest suggestion of social advance, fitly represent the academical consciousness of that country—one can only exclaim, Alas, how changed from its former self! *A land* (in an intellectual sense) *of deserts and pits, a land of drought and the shadow of death, a land no man passes through, and where no man dwells.* Certainly honest John Bull was never before so sophisticated—degraded from a fat, savory, succulent, juicy beef, to a lean, stringy, sinewy, tendinous veal—from the superb, contented, disdainful monarch of broad meadows and glittering streams, to the blatant and menacing and hitting challenger of every innocent scarlet rag that flutters along private lane or public highway. It is English middle-class manners made conscious of their own inmost snobbery, and trying to cover it up under an affectation of coarse and vulgar effrontery toward superior people."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Weather as is Weather."—The boatmen of the Bay of Naples tell of a Wapping sailor in the Mediterranean, that he called out to his shipmates, one morning, when there happened, after six months' clear weather, to be a slight fog, "Turn out, boys! turn out! Here's weather as is weather; none of your everlasting blue sky!"

Sweetening one's coffee is generally the first stirring event of the day.

Father of a Family: "Now, my dears, let me see! we've got the sandwiches, and the sherry, and the railway tickets, and the insurance tickets in case of a collision, so that it is a great comfort to reflect, in case of any thing serious—" The rest of the speech is lost in the shriek of the railway engine.

"It is very curious," said an old gentleman to his friend, "that a watch should be perfectly dry when it has a running spring inside."

Love, Justice, and Fortune are said to have no eyes; but all three make us mortals open ours pretty wide sometimes.

"Sally, what time do your folks dine?" "Soon as you go away; that's Missus's orders."

Ease for Man.—By the year two thousand it is probable that manual labor will have utterly ceased under the sun, and the occupation of the adjective "hard-fisted" will have gone forever. They have now in New Hampshire a potato-digging machine, which, drawn by horses down the rows, digs the potatoes, separates them from the dirt, and loads them up into the cart, while the farmer walks alongside, whistling "Hail Columbia!" with his hands in his pockets.

The boy who undertook to ride a horse-radish is now practicing on a saddle of mutton.

A man, speaking of a place out West, says it is a perfect paradise, and that though most all the people have the fever and ague, yet it is a great blessing, for it is the only exercise they take.

FASHION.

A way to dress,
In the mode, I guess,
Picks a husband's bones quite clean,
And poor Mr. Spratt
Must cry "No fat!"
And his wife will *cri-no-lene*.

"Now, then, my hearties," said a gallant captain, "you have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your powder's gone, then—run! I'm a little lame, and *I'll start now*."

The horse "warranted to stand without tying," which a man bought at an auction the other day, is offered for sale by the purchaser, with the additional guaranty that "he will not move without whipping."

Ugly people are as anxious as handsome ones to perpetuate their features; probably, having lived so long with their ugliness, they have become attached to it.

"Is your father at home?" inquired a man of the little girl who admitted him. "Is your name Bill?" she asked. "Some people call me so," replied he. "Then he is not at home; for I heard him tell John, if any bill came, to say he was not at home."

The ocean, which is forever sounding, sometimes gets sounded.

Who lets one sit on his shoulders, shall have him presently sit on his head.

Men wounded by the explosion of bomb-shells are wounded *mortarly*.

"Although you count yourself a brighter fellow than I am, yet I can round you, as the earth said to the sun."

The two most precious things now inclosed in *hoops* are girls and kegs of whisky.

A good many chairmen at public meetings don't know how to put a question. Young ladies think it should be popped.

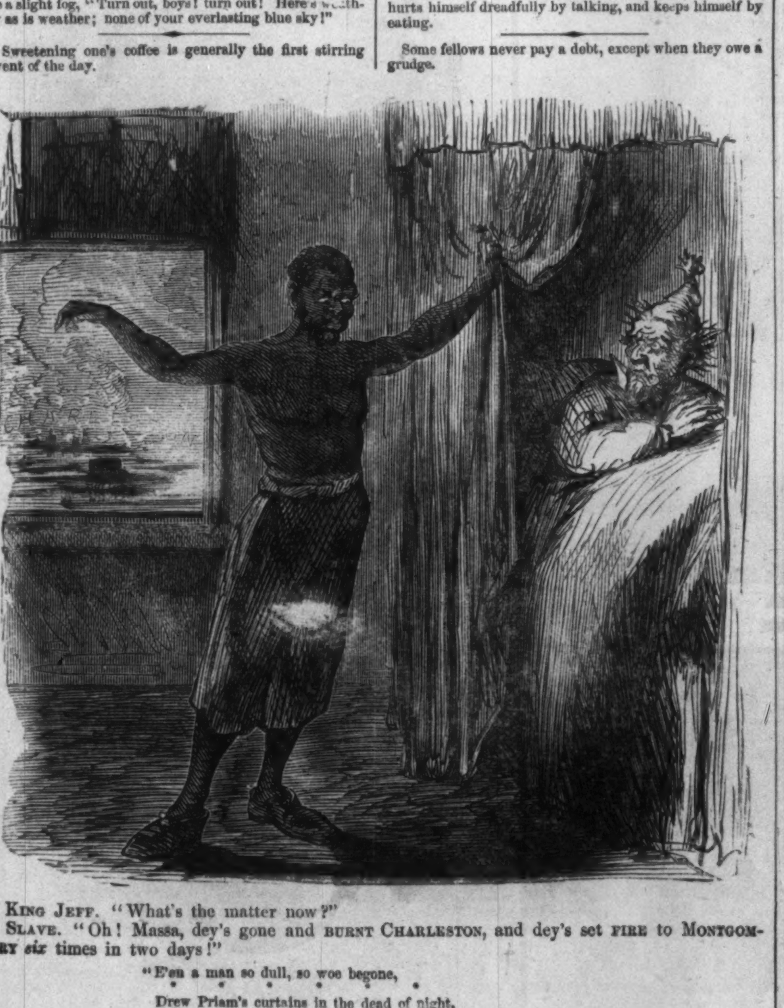
An eloquent speaker is like a river—greatest at the mouth.

The women must think that we men are great robbers; we are all the while going about robbing them of their very names.

Duelists must have their seconds, and widows are entitled to their thirds.

A man's mouth is made to talk and eat, yet he often hurts himself dreadfully by talking, and keeps himself by eating.

Some fellows never pay a debt, except when they owe a grudge.



King Jeff. "What's the matter now?"

Slave. "Oh! Massa, dey's gone and **burnt Charleston**, and dey's set **fire** to **Montgomery** *six* times in two days!"

"E'en a man so dull, so woe begone,
* * * * * *
Drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night,
And would have told him *half his Troy was burnt*."—Shakespeare.

A Smart Scholar.—"Did you ever see an elephant's skin?" asked a teacher in an infant school. "I have," shouted a six-year-old at the foot of the class. "Where?" inquired the teacher, considerably amused at his earnestness. "On the elephant," shouted the prodigy, gleefully.

Don't carry your antipathy to royalty so far as to break the crown of your head.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, December 24, in the Senate (the House not being in session), several petitions looking to the emancipation of slaves were presented. The Committee on Naval Affairs was instructed to inquire into the manner in which war vessels had been fitted out at the Navy-yards, rumors of great extravagance having obtained currency. A petition of citizens of Boston relative to the freedom of the Press was presented by Senator Hale. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

On Thursday, December 26, in the Senate, Senator Hale offered a resolution requesting the President, if not incompatible with the public interests, to transmit copies of all dispatches which have passed between the United States Government and that of Great Britain relative to the capture of the rebel envoys—Slidell and Mason—the documents to be communicated either in open or secret session, as may be deemed proper. Senator Hale supported his proposition in a speech of a decidedly warlike tone. Senator Sumner, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, objected to the resolution. The subject, he said, was now in good hands, and it would be better for the Senate to reserve themselves for facts, and not act upon a hypothetical case. The resolution was then laid over, under the rule. Notice was given of a bill to provide for the confiscation of every species of property of all persons in rebellion against the Government. Senator Harlan introduced a bill establishing provisional governments in all the seceded States—it was referred. Among the petitions presented was one for the introduction of the homeopathic medical practice in the army, several for an armory at Rock Island, and a number for the emancipation of slaves by the military power. The Senate adjourned till Monday.——No business was transacted in the House of Representatives, no quorum being present. The House adjourned till Monday.

THE SURRENDER OF MASON AND SLIDELL.

The papers publish the diplomatic correspondence between the Governments of France and England on the one hand, and that of the United States on the other, concerning the question of international law, involved in the seizure of the rebel Commissioners. The first document is a note from Mr. Seward to Mr. Adams, in which the case is briefly mentioned, and in which Mr. Seward says that the action of Captain Wilkes was without any instructions from the Government, and he trusted that the British Government would consider the subject in a friendly temper. Then follows a note from Earl Russell to Lord Lyons, dated November 30, reciting the English version of the case—declaring that the act of Captain Wilkes was an affront to the British flag, and a violation of international law; and announcing that the "liberation of the four gentlemen named, and their delivery to your lordship," together with a suitable apology for the aggression, alone could satisfy the British nation. To this Mr. Seward responds in a paper, addressed to Lord Lyons, under date of the 26th ult., in which he analyzes at great length the principles of public law involved in the case, and arrives at the conclusion that the Government of the United States would be wrong in refusing to comply with the British demand, so far as relates to the disposition that shall be made of the persons captured. He closes by saying that the "four persons in question" will be cheerfully liberated; and "your lordship will please indicate a time and place for receiving them." No "apology," however, is offered, because no offense was intended. To this Lord Lyons responds by announcing that he will forward the communication to Her Majesty's Government, and will immediately make arrangements to place the "four gentlemen" again "under the protection of the British flag." Besides these documents there is a dispatch from M. Thouvenel, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, to M. Mercier, the "Minister of the Emperor at Washington," in which Thouvenel pronounces the conduct of the American cruiser unjustifiable, but hopes for a pacific solution of the difficulty. To this Mr. Seward responds in a note to M. Mercier, in which he corrects an error of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, refers him to his correspondence with the British Government, and exchanges assurances of friendship.

THE BRITISH DEMAND.

The following is the point of the dispatch of Earl Russell:

"Her Majesty's Government, bearing in mind the friendly relations which have long subsisted between Great Britain and the United States, are willing to believe that the United States naval officer who committed the aggression was not acting in compliance with any authority from his Government, or that, if he conceived himself to be so authorized, he greatly misunderstood the instructions which he had received. For the Government of the United States must be fully aware that the British Government could not allow such an affront to the national honor to pass without full reparation, and her Majesty's Government are unwilling to believe that it could be the deliberate intention of the Government of the United States unnecessarily to force into discussion between the two Governments a question of so grave a character, and with regard to which the whole British nation would be sure to entertain such unanimity of feeling. Her Majesty's Government, therefore, trust that, when this matter shall have been brought under the consideration of the Government of the United States, that Government will, of its own accord, offer to the British Government such redress as alone could satisfy the British nation, namely:

"The liberation of the four gentlemen and their delivery to your lordship, in order that they may again be placed under British protection, and a suitable apology for the aggression which has been committed.

"Should these terms not be offered by Mr. Seward, you will propose them to him."

MR. SEWARD'S REPLY.

The following passages contain the pith of Mr. Seward's answer. After relating the law and the facts he says:

"I trust that I have shown to the satisfaction of the British Government, by a very simple and natural statement of the facts and analysis of the law applicable to them, that this Government has neither meditated nor practiced, nor approved, any deliberate wrong in the transaction to which they have called its attention, and, on the contrary, that what has happened has been simply an inadvertency, consisting in a departure by the naval officer—free from any wrongful motive—from a rule uncertainly established, and, probably, by the several parties concerned, either imperfectly understood or entirely unknown. For this error the British Government has a right to expect the same reparation that we, as an independent State, should expect from Great Britain, or from any other friendly nation, in a similar case.

* * * * * * *

"If I decide this case in favor of my own Government, I must disavow its most cherished principles, and reverse and forever abandon its essential policy. The country can not afford the sacrifice. If I maintain those principles and adhere to that policy, I must surrender the case itself. It will be seen, therefore, that this Government could not deny the justice of the claim presented to us in this respect upon its merits. We are asked to do to the British nation just what we have always insisted all nations ought to do to us.

* * * * * * *

"Putting behind me all suggestions of this kind, I prefer to express my satisfaction that, by the adjustment of the present case, upon principles confessedly American, and yet, as I trust, mutually satisfactory to both of the nations concerned, a question is finally and rightly settled between them which, heretofore exhausting not only all forms of peaceful discussion, but also the arbitrament of war itself, for more than half a century alienated the two countries from each other, and perplexed with fears and apprehensions all other nations.

"The four persons in question are now held in military custody at Fort Warren, in the State of Massachusetts. They will be cheerfully liberated. Your lordship will please indicate a time and place for receiving them."

THE FRENCH VIEW.

The following sentences contain the point of M. Thouvenel's dispatch:

"Lord Lyons is already instructed to present the demand for satisfaction which the English Cabinet is under the necessity of reducing to form, and which consists in the immediate release of the persons taken from on board the *Trent*, and in sending explanations which may take from this act its offensive character toward the British flag. The Federal Government will be inspired by a just and exalted feeling in deferring to these requests. One would search in vain to what end, for what interest, it would hazard to provoke by a different attitude a rupture with Great Britain.

"For ourselves, we should see in that fact a deplorable complication, in every respect, of the difficulties with which the Cabinet of Washington has already to struggle, and a precedent of a nature seriously to disquiet all the Powers which continue outside of the existing contest. We believe that we give evidence of loyal friendship for the Cabinet of Washington by not permitting it to remain in ignorance, in this condition of things, of our manner of regarding it. I request you, therefore, Sir, to seize the first occasion of opening yourself frankly to Mr. Seward, and, if he asks it, send him a copy of this dispatch."

AFFAIRS IN KENTUCKY.

No official information has been received of any action in Kentucky; but we learn that [illegible]0,000 men, the advance of General Buell's command, have crossed Green River, and are within five miles of the rebel General Hindman's advance posts. A battle is therefore looked for in a short time.

AFFAIRS IN MISSOURI.

As soon as the intelligence of General Pope's cavalry having driven in the pickets of General Rains reached the camp of the rebel General Price, the utmost consternation prevailed, and a sudden flight took place in great confusion. The army made direct for the Arkansas border, burning the bridges behind them, including the new bridge built by General Frémont over the Osage River. The last accounts of General Price and his troops were that they had passed hurriedly through Springfield *en route* for Arkansas, from which State they are not expected again to emerge.

On 28th ult. General Prentiss, with four hundred and fifty men, dispersed nine hundred rebels, under Colonel Dorsey, at Mount Sion, Boone County, killing and wounding one hundred and fifty, and taking thirty-five prisoners, ninety-five horses, and one hundred and five guns, with a loss on our side of only three killed and eleven wounded. The rebels are continuing their depredations on the North Missouri Railroad. They burned another train on the 28th, and they boast that they will destroy every car on the road.

OCCUPATION OF BLUFFTON.

The village of Bluffton, which is about the same size as Beaufort, was occupied by the Union troops, under General Stevens, on the 24th ultimo. The rebels had previously abandoned it. The *Empire City* came through the southeast channel, and found thirty feet of water there.

GOOD NEWS FROM NEW MEXICO.

Our news from New Mexico is of a cheering character. Colonel Canby, who is in command of the military department there, has retaken the two forts on the Mesilla border—Forts Cray and Stanton—and was, at last accounts, on his way to Fort Fillmore, some months ago surrendered by Major Lynde, who has been dismissed the service in consequence. Colonel Canby is driving the rebel Texans before him, and intends to press on into Arizona.

SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

At a meeting of the bank representatives, held in this city on 28th ult., it was decided unanimously to suspend specie payment on 30th. This decision was come to in consequence of the fact that depositors have been drawing out coin and stowing it away in order to sell it at a premium, thus trading in the exigencies of the Government. The heavy drain upon the banks for the past few weeks has rendered this movement a necessity.

COLONEL CORCORAN NOT ESCAPED.

The statement of a Mr. Hurd concerning the escape of Colonel Corcoran, and the treatment of Union prisoners at Charleston, published in *Harper's Weekly* of last week, is a romantic fable—at least as far as it relates to the asserted arrival at Fortress Monroe, under the flag of truce, of the man Hurd; no such person has been heard of there. It is probable that the entire story is a fiction.

PERSONAL.

Colonel Windham, the English rifleman, who distinguished himself during the Italian war, under Garibaldi, and who served in the Sardinian army for six years, having offered his services to the United States Government, has been appointed to a position in the Fifteenth Wisconsin Regiment.

The Honorable Mr. Ely, who has so long been confined at Richmond, and who has been exchanged for Mr. Faulkner, arrived in Baltimore last week, and at once continued his journey northward.

General M'Clellan, who has been confined to his bed for some days with a slight fever, has recovered, and is in the saddle again.

General Scott returned to New York on board the *Arago*. His departure from Paris produced a very lively sensation in England. Previous to quitting the French capital the General had a lengthy interview with the Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Thouvenel.

General Halleck has issued a proclamation declaring the railroads of Missouri under martial law.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE WAR FEVER.

The war agitation is still at fever heat in England. Troops are being mustered and shipped for Canada, with shot, shells, cannons, sledges, and every thing requisite for a winter campaign in a Northern climate. War vessels are still leaving for the North American coast, of which the new frigate *Emerald* is the latest departure from Plymouth.

NEW IRON-CLAD SHIPS.

The *Shipping Gazette* states that four new iron-clad first-class steam-frigates were to be built immediately, to serve also as steam-rams, the projecting sterns of which were to be twenty feet long. They will each carry thirty-six Armstrong 100-pounders on the gun-deck, and two pivot guns at the bow and stern, to throw 200-pound shot. They will be 80 feet longer than the *Warrior*, though only 18 inches broader, and their tonnage is to be 6815.

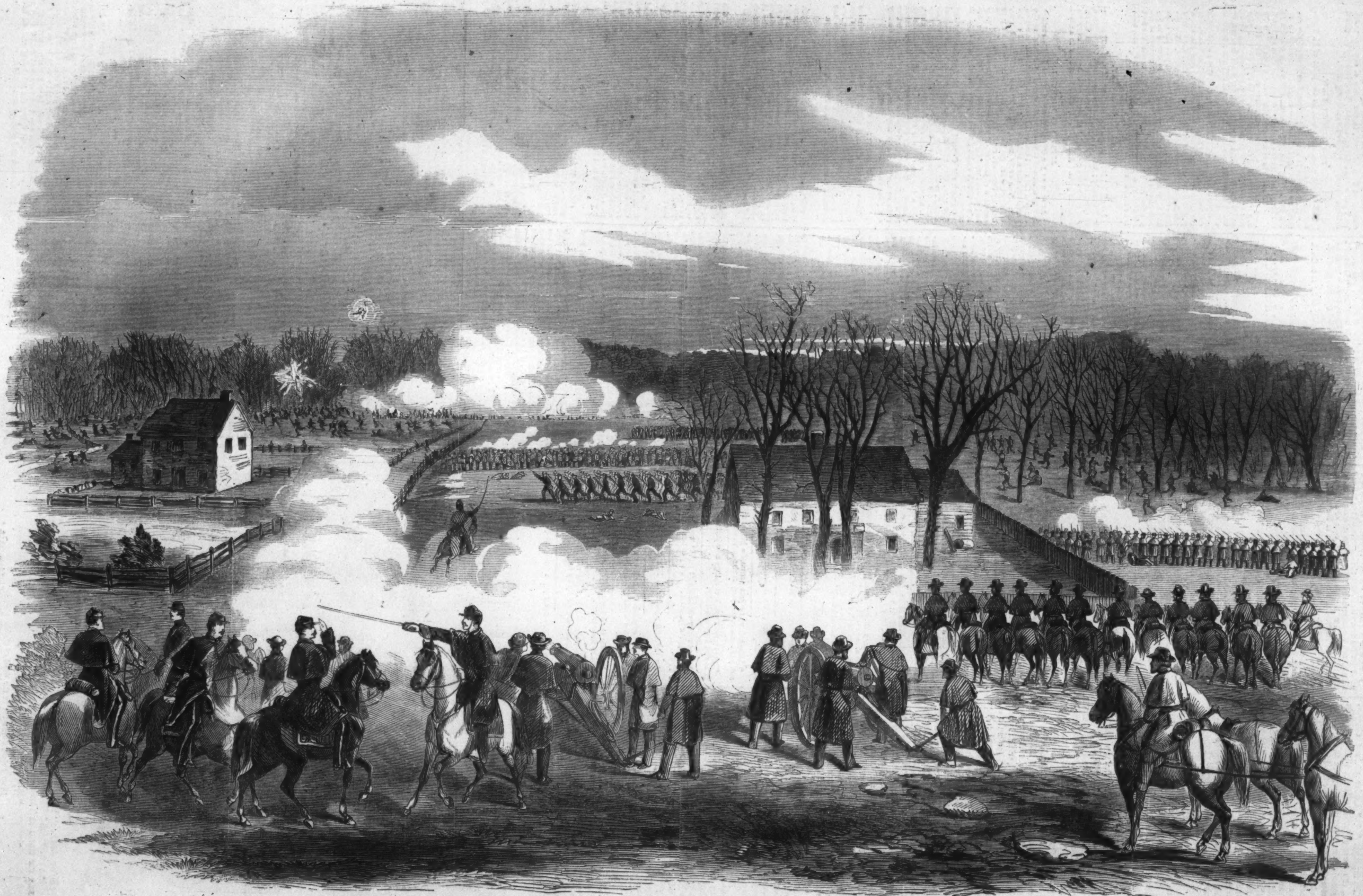
DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT.

The full report of the sickness and death of Prince Albert is affecting. He was taken ill with a "feverish cold" on the 3d of December. This attack alternated from mild to severe and *vice versa*, to the afternoon of the 14th, when the case assumed the character of typhoid fever. The Prince gradually declined in strength until eleven o'clock the same night, when he died tranquilly, surrounded by the Queen and the other members of the royal family.

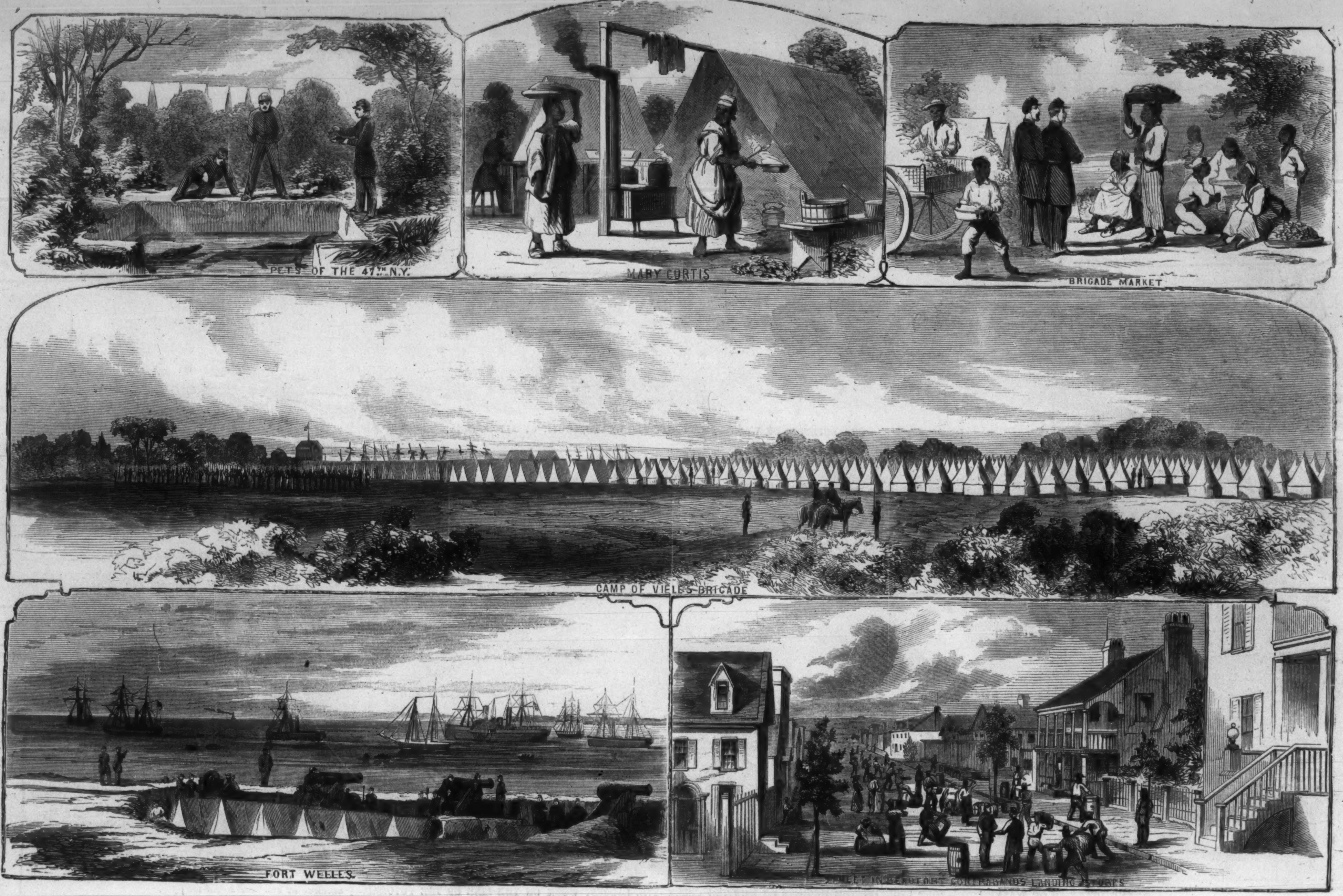
THE BAHAMAS.

BRITISH SYMPATHY WITH REBELS.

Letters from Nassau state that, while the United States gun-boat *Flambeau* is denied coal and other accommodations, it appears that the *Gladiator* has been allowed to tranship her cargo of arms and ammunition to schooners bound for Southern rebel ports, with the full knowledge of the British officials. Four rebel vessels, laden with cotton and rice, from Charleston, have recently arrived at Nassau—among them the *Theodora* and *Isabel* with 1600 bales of cotton, all flying the rebel flag, and all having run the blockade of Charleston harbor.



THE BATTLE OF DRANESVILLE.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER WHO WAS PRESENT.—[SEE PAGE 30.]



PETS OF THE 47TH N.Y.

MARY CURTIS

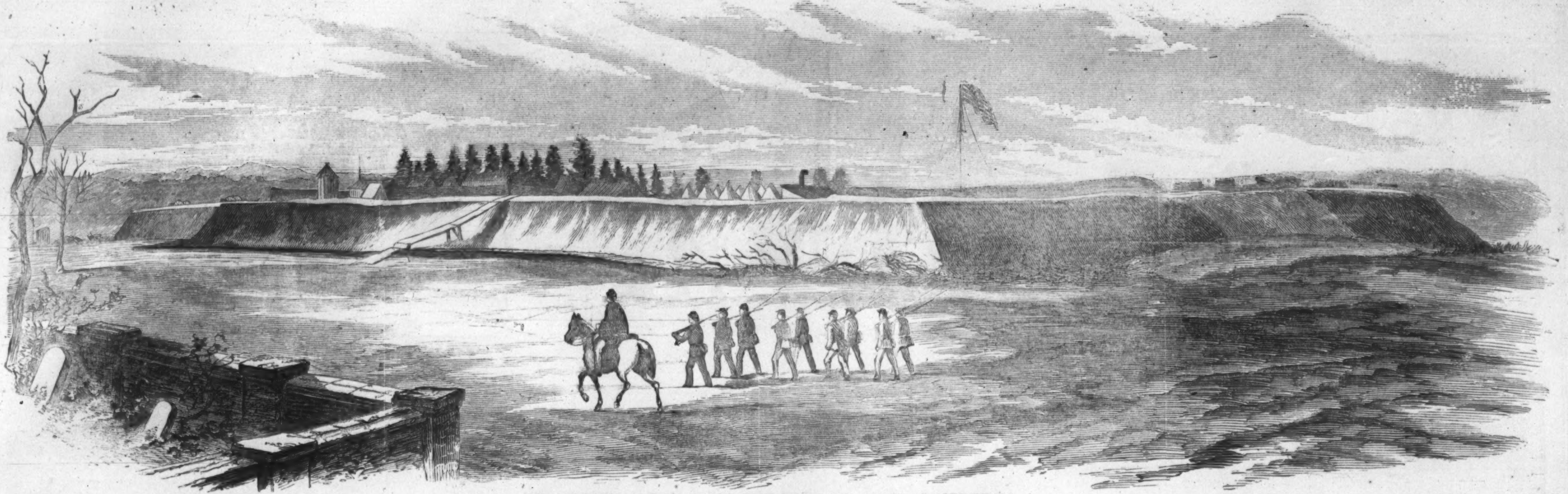
BRIGADE MARKET

CAMP OF VIELE'S BRIGADE

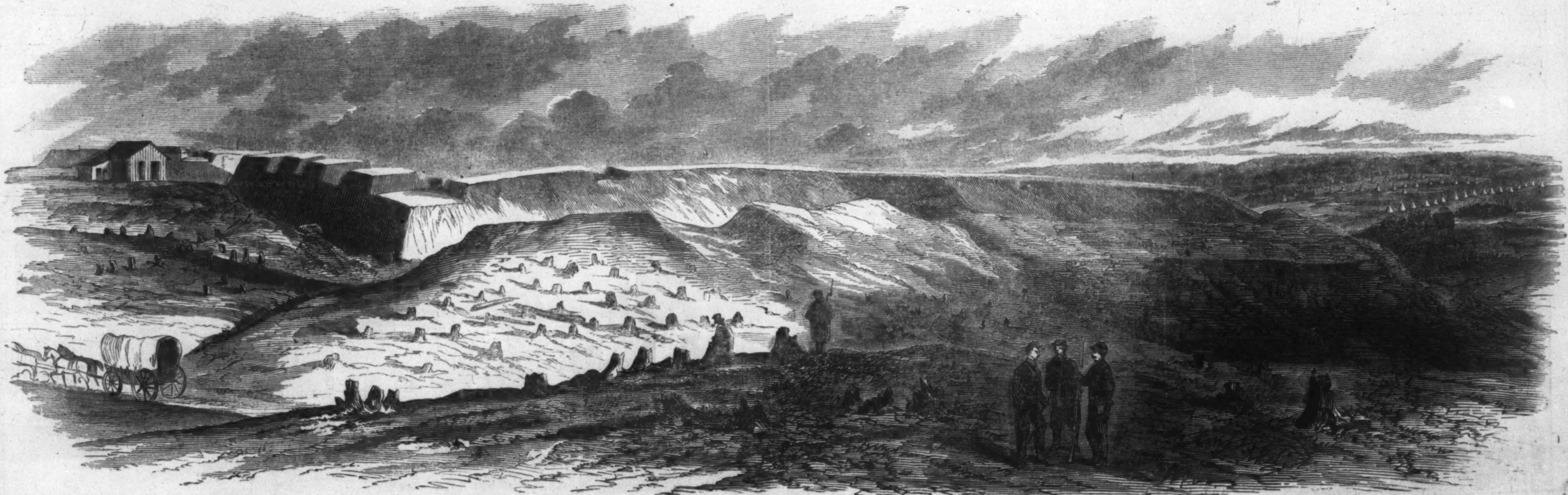
FORT WELLES

STREET IN BEAUFORT CONTRABANDS LANDING STORES

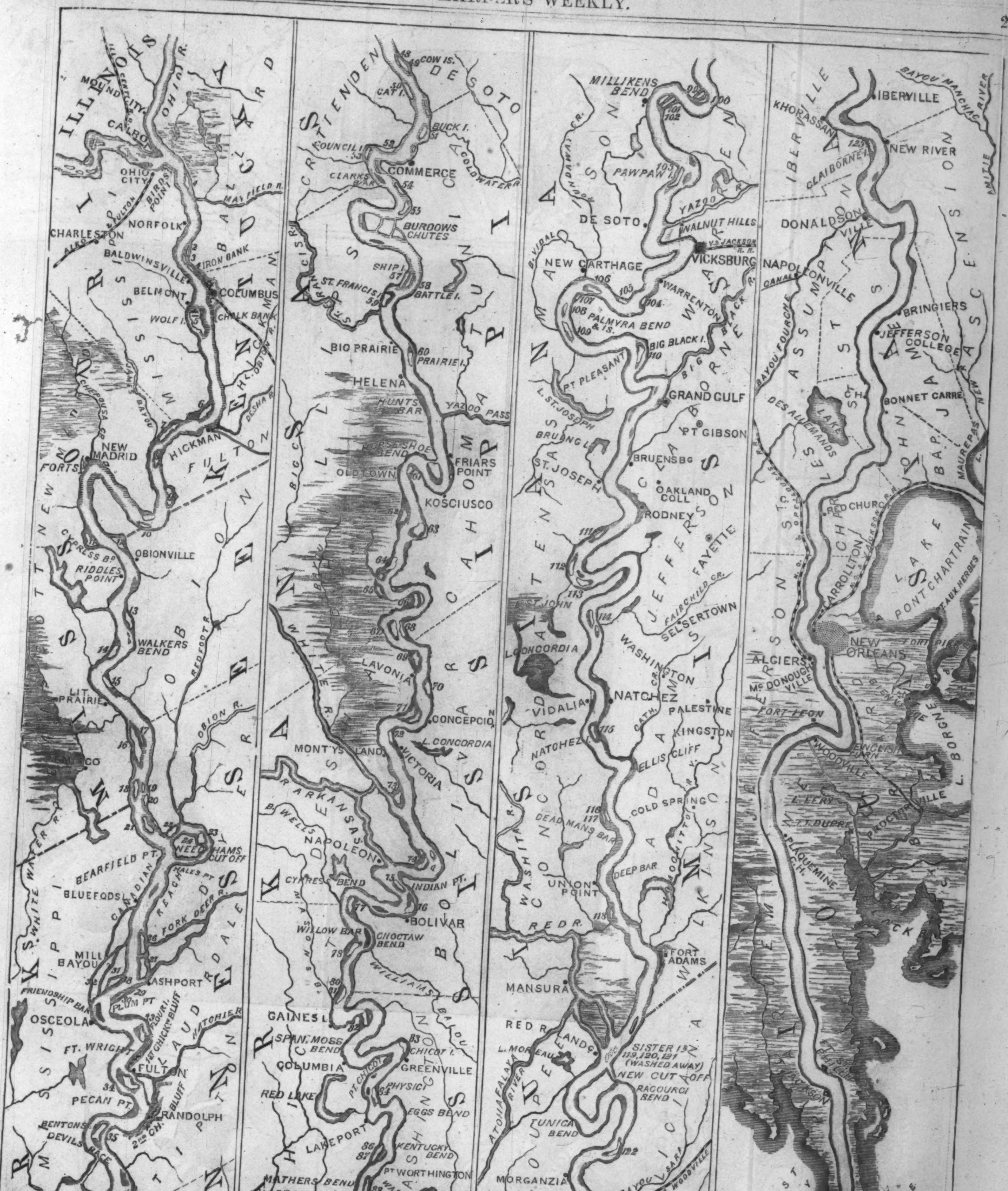
IN AND ABOUT PORT ROYAL, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]



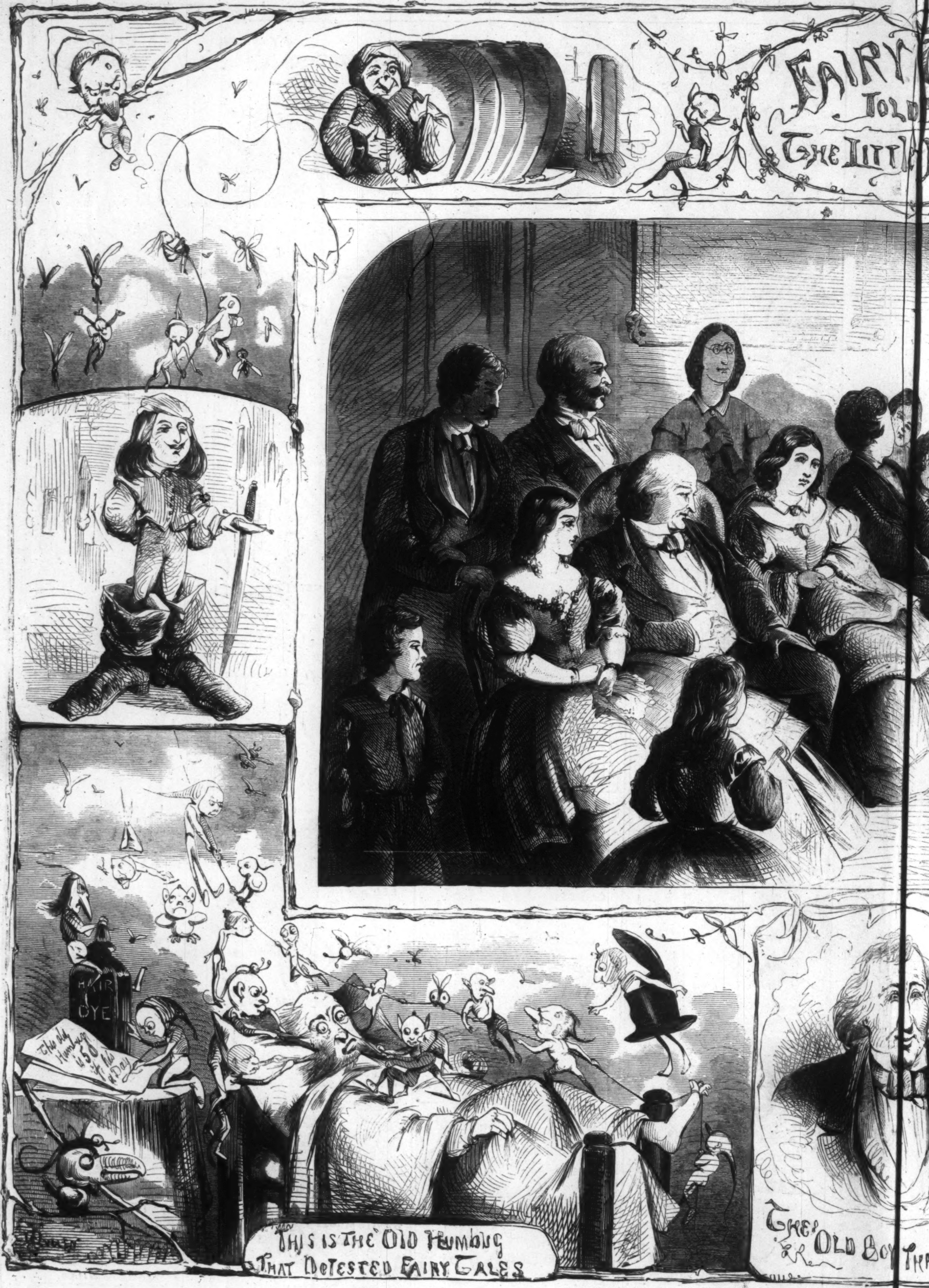
THE DEFENSES OF WASHINGTON—FORT ELLSWORTH, SOUTH OF ALEXANDRIA.

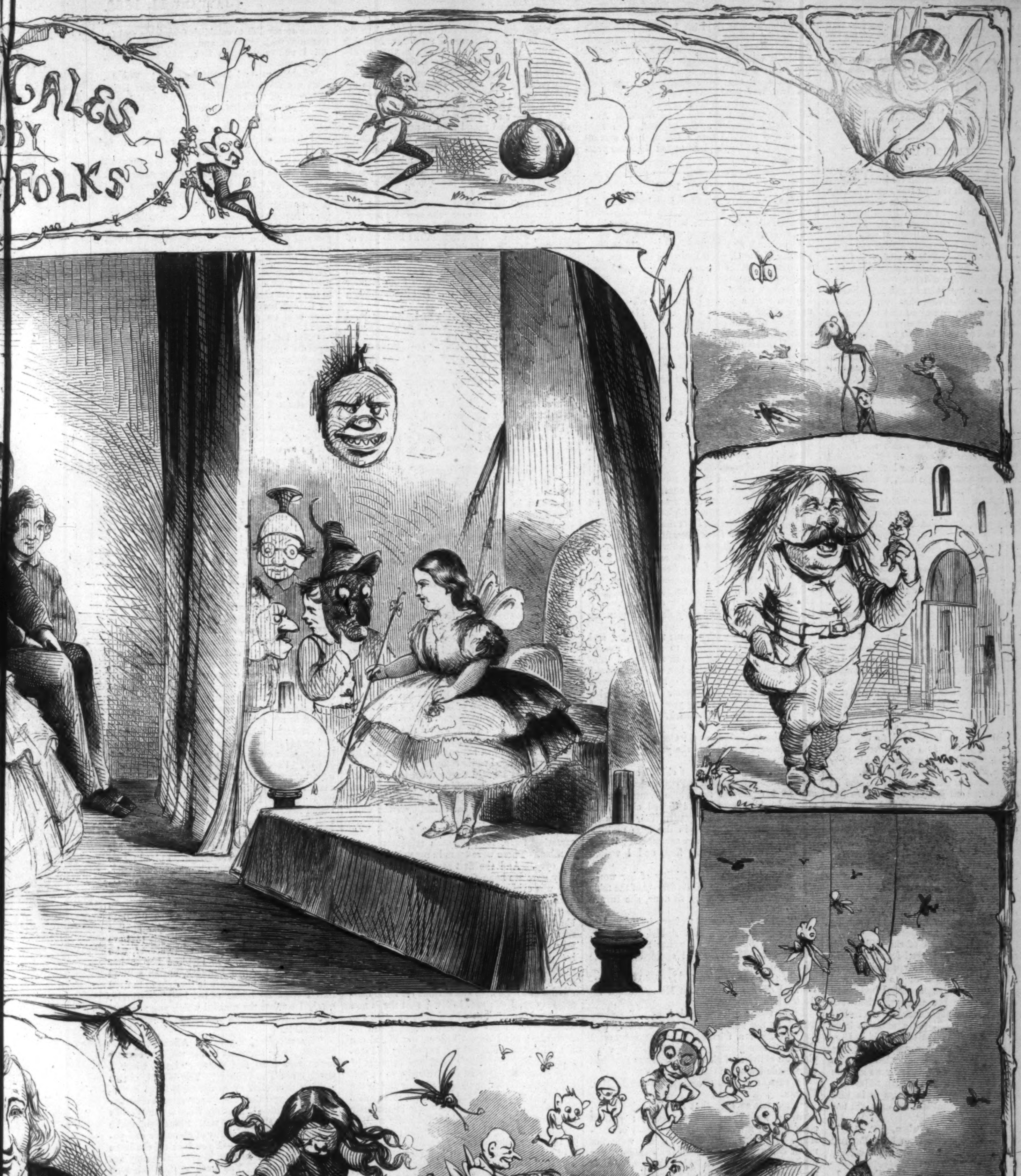


THE DEFENSES OF WASHINGTON—FORT LYON, ON THE HEIGHTS OF HUNTING CREEK—THE LARGEST WORK ON THE LINE OF THE POTOMAC.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]


ILLINOIS
KENTUCKY
MOUND CITY
CAIRO
OHIO R.
OHIO CITY
BIRDS POINT
MAYFIELD R.
CHARLESTON
NORFOLK
IRON BANK
BALDWINSVILLE
BELMONT
COLUMBUS
WOLF I.
CHALK BANK
MISSISSIPPI
MISSOURI
NEW MADRID
HICKMAN
FULTON
FORTS
OBIONVILLE
RIDDLES POINT
OBION
WALKERS BEND
LIT. PRAIRIE
OBION R.
RED FOOT R.
NEEDHAMS CUT OFF
BEARFIELD PT.
BLUEFOOSL
CANADIAN REACH
FORK DEER R.
MILL BAYOU
ASHPORT
FRIENDSHIP BAR
PLUM PT
OSCEOLA
FT. WRIGHT
FULTON
HATCHIE R.
PECAN PT.
RANDOLPH
BENTONS
DEVILS RACE
2ND CH. BLUFF
3RD CHICKASAW BLUFF
DEVILS BOW
OLDHAM
FT. HARRIS
GREENOCK
FORT PILLOW
MARION
PADDYS HEN & CHICKENS
HOPEFIELD
MEMPHIS
PICKERING
PRESIDENTS
WHITES
GRAYSON
ARKANSAS
CRITTENDEN
TENNESSEE
SHELBY
LAUDERDALE
TIPTON
WHITE WATER R.
DE SOTO
COW IS.
CAT I.
BUCK I.
COUNCIL I.
COMMERCE
COLDWATER R.
CLARKS BAR
BURDOWS CHUTES
ST. FRANCIS I.
ST. FRANCIS R.
SHIP I.
BATTLE I.
BIG PRAIRIE
PRAIRIE I.
HELENA
HUNTS BAR
YAZOO PASS
HORSESHOE BEND
OLDTOWN
FRIARS POINT
KOSCIUSCO
COAHOMA
PHILLIPS
LAVONIA
CONCEPCIO
L. CONCORDIA
MONTYS ISLAND
VICTORIA
ARKANSAS R.
NAPOLEON
DESHA
CYPRESS BEND
INDIAN PT.
BOLIVAR
WILLOW BAR
CHOCTAW BEND
WILLIAMS BAYOU
GAINES L.
SPAN. MOSS BEND
COLUMBIA
CHICOT I.
GREENVILLE
RED LAKE
PHYSIC I.
EGGS BEND
LAKEPORT
KENTUCKY BEND
PT. WORTHINGTON
MATHERS BEND
GRAND LAKE
PRINCETON
BUNCHS BEND
STACK I. REACH
STACK I.
PROVIDENCE
TALALULA
TOMPKINS
CAROLL
ISSAQUENA
WASHINGTON
MISSISSIPPI
MILLIKENS BEND
PAWPAW I.
YAZOO
DE SOTO
WALNUT HILLS
NEW CARTHAGE
VICKSBURG
WARRENTON
PALMYRA BEND & IS.
BIG BLACK I.
BIG BLACK R.
PT. PLEASANT
GRAND GULF
L. ST. JOSEPH
PT. GIBSON
BRUENS BG
ST. JOSEPH
OAKLAND COLL.
RODNEY
JEFFERSON
FAYETTE
FAIRCHILD CR.
ST. JOHN
SELSERTOWN
CONCORDIA
WASHINGTON
VIDALIA
NATCHEZ
PALESTINE
KINGSTON
ELLIS CLIFF
COLD SPRING
DEAD MANS BAR
WASHITA R.
DEEP BAR
UNION POINT
RED R.
FORT ADAMS
MANSURA
RED R. LANDG
SISTER IS. 119, 120, 121 (WASHED AWAY)
NEW CUT OFF
RACOURCI BEND
L. MOREAU
ATCHAFALAYA RIVER
TUNICA BEND
MORGANZIA
BAYOU SARA
ST. FRANCISVILLE
POINT COUPEE
PT. COUPEE REACH
WATERLOO
FAUSSE
PORT HUDSON
PROPHET IS.
BAYOU GROSSE TETE
WEST B. ROUGE
BATON ROUGE
E. BATON ROUGE
COMITE CR.
PLAQUEMINE
MANCHAC
TENSAS
ADAMS
WILKINSON
WEST FELICIANA
POINTE COUPEE
CATAHOULA
AVOYELLES
IBERVILLE
BAYOU MANCHAC RIVER
KHORASSAN
NEW RIVER
CLAIBORNE
AMITE R.
DONALDSONVILLE
ASCENSION
NAPOLEONVILLE
BRINGIERS
JEFFERSON COLLEGE
ASSUMPTION
ST. JAMES
BAYOU FOURCHE
LAKE DES ALLEMANDS
BONNET CARRE
ST. JOHN BAPTIST
MAUREPAS
ST. CHARLES
RED CHURCH
CARROLLTON
LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN
NEW ORLEANS
ALGIERS
McDONOUGHVILLE
FORT LEON
FORT PIKE
ENGLISH TURN
WOODVILLE
L. BORGNE
PROCTORSVILLE
L. LERY
FT. DUPRE
PLAQUEMINE C.H.
FT. JACKSON
WEST BAY
S.W. PASS
EAST B.
S. PASS
GARDEN I. BAY
S.E. PASS
GULF OF MEXICO
SCALE OF MILES.
10
20

GENERAL VIEW OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER FROM CAIRO, ILLINOIS, TO THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER.—[SEE PAGE 31.]


FAIRY
TOLD
THE LITT
HAIR DYE
This old Humbug is 50 this Day
THIS IS THE OLD HUMBUG THAT DETESTED FAIRY TALES
THE OLD BOY THR


TALES
BY
FOLKS
P. POW
BLOOD OF YOUTH
THAT LOVES BOTH
THE HORRID OLD THING THAT HATED LITTLE FOLKS

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER LVI.

LILIAN recovered, but the strange thing was this: all memory of the weeks that had elapsed since her return from visiting her aunt was completely obliterated; she seemed in profound ignorance of the charge on which I had been confined; perfectly ignorant even of the existence of Margrave; she had, indeed, a very vague reminiscence of her conversation with me in the garden—the first conversation which had ever been embittered by a disagreement—but that disagreement itself she did not recollect. Her belief was that she had been ill and light-headed since that evening. From that evening to the hour of her waking, conscious and revived, all was a blank. Her love for me was restored, as if its thread had never been broken. Some such instances of oblivion after bodily illness or mental shock are familiar enough to the practice of all medical men;* and I was therefore enabled to appease the anxiety and wonder of Mrs. Ashleigh by quoting various examples, more or less similar, of loss, or suspension, of memory. We agreed that it would be necessary to break to Lilian, though very cautiously, the story of Sir Philip Derval's murder, and the charge to which I had been subjected. She could not fail to hear of those events from others. How shall I express her womanly terror—her loving, sympathizing pity, on hearing the tale, which I softened as well as I could?

"And to think that I knew nothing of this!" she cried, clasping my hands; "to think that you were in peril, and that I was not by your side!"

Her mother spoke of Margrave as a visitor—an agreeable, lively stranger; Lilian could not even recollect his name, but she seemed shocked to think that any visitor had been admitted while I was in circumstances so awful! Need I say that our engagement was renewed? Renewed! To *her* knowledge and to her heart it had never been interrupted for a moment. But oh, the malignity of the wrong world! Oh, that strange lust of mangling reputations which seizes on hearts the least wantonly cruel! Let two idle tongues utter a tale against some third person, who never offended the babblers, and how the tale spreads, like fire, lighted none know how, in the herbage of an American prairie! Who shall put it out? What business have we in the concern of other men's hearts? True or false, the tale that is gabbled to us, what concern of ours can it be? I speak not of cases to which the law has been summoned, which law has sifted, on which law has pronounced. But how, when the law is silent, can we assume its verdicts? How be all judges, where there has been no witness-box, no cross-examination, no jury? Yet every day we put on our ermine, and make ourselves judges—judges sure to condemn, and on what evidence? That which no court of law will receive. Somebody has said something to somebody, which somebody repeats to every body!

The gossip of L—— had set in full current against Lilian's fair name. No ladies had called or sent to congratulate Mrs. Ashleigh on her return, or to inquire after Lilian herself during her struggle between life and death.

How I missed the Queen of the Hill at this critical moment! How I longed for aid to crush the slander, with which I knew not how to grapple—aid, in her knowledge of the world, and her ascendency over its judgments. I had heard from her once since her absence, briefly but kindly expressing her amazement at the ineffable stupidity which could for a moment have subjected me to a suspicion of Sir Philip Derval's strange murder, and congratulating me heartily on my complete vindication from so monstrous a charge. To this letter no address was given. I supposed the omission to be accidental, but on calling at her house to inquire her direction I found that her servants did not know it.

What, then, was my joy when, just at this juncture, I received a note from Mrs. Poyntz, stating that she had returned the night before, and would be glad to see me!

I hastened to her house. "Ah," thought I, as I sprang lightly up the ascent, "how the tattlers will be silenced by a word from her imperial lips!" And only just as I approached her door did it strike me how difficult—nay, how impossible to explain to her—the hard, positive woman—her who had, less ostensibly but more ruthlessly than myself, destroyed Dr. Lloyd for his belief in the comparatively rational pretensions of clairvoyance—all the mystical excuses for Lilian's flight from her home? How speak to her—or, indeed, to any one—about an occult fascination and a magic wand? No matter: surely it would be enough to say that, at the time, Lilian had been light-headed, under the influence of the fever which had afterward nearly proved fatal. The early friend of Anne Ashleigh would not be a severe critic on any tale that might right the good name of Anne Ashleigh's daughter. So assured, with light heart and cheerful face I followed the servant into the great lady's pleasant but decorous presence-chamber.

CHAPTER LVII.

MRS. POYNTZ was on her favorite seat by the window, and, for a wonder, not knitting—that classic task seemed done; but she was smoothing and folding the completed work with her white comely hand, and smiling over it, as if in complacent approval, when I entered the room. At the fireside sat the he-colonel, inspecting a newly-invented barometer; at another window, in the farthest recess of the room, stood Miss Jane Poyntz, with a young gentleman whom I had never before seen, but who turned his eyes full upon me with a haughty look as the servant announced my name. He was tall, well proportioned, decidedly handsome, but with that expression of cold and concentred self-esteem in his very attitude, as well as his countenance, which makes a man of merit unpopular, a man without merit ridiculous.

The he-colonel, always punctiliously civil, rose from his seat, shook hands with me cordially, and said, "Coldish weather to-day; but we shall have rain to-morrow. Rainy seasons come in cycles. We are about to commence a cycle of them with heavy showers." He sighed, and returned to his barometer.

Miss Jane bowed to me graciously enough, but was evidently a little confused, a circumstance which might well attract my notice, for I had never before seen that high-bred young lady deviate a hair's-breadth from the even tenor of a manner admirable for a cheerful and courteous ease, which one felt convinced would be unaltered to those around her if an earthquake swallowed one up an inch before her feet.

The young gentleman continued to eye me loftily, as the heir-apparent to some celestial planet might eye an inferior creature from a half-formed nebula suddenly dropped upon his sublime and perfected star.

Mrs. Poyntz extended to me two fingers, and said, frigidly, "Delighted to see you again! How kind to attend so soon to my note!" Motioning me to a seat beside her, she here turned to her husband, and said, "Poyntz, since a cycle of rain begins to-morrow better secure your ride to-day. Take these young people with you. I want to talk with Dr. Fenwick."

The Colonel carefully put away his barometer, and saying to his daughter, "Come!" went forth. Jane followed her father; the young gentleman followed Jane.

The reception I had met chilled and disappointed me. I felt that Mrs. Poyntz was changed, and in her change the whole house seemed changed. The very chairs looked civilly unfriendly, as if preparing to turn their backs on me. However, I was not in the false position of an intruder; I had been summoned; it was for Mrs. Poyntz to speak first, and I waited quietly for her to do so.

She finished the careful folding of her work, and then laid it at rest in the drawer of the table at which she sat. Having so done, she turned to me, and said,

"By-the-way, I ought to have introduced to you my young guest, Mr. Ashleigh Sumner. You would like him. He has talents—not showy, but solid. He will succeed in public life."

"So that young man is Mr. Ashleigh Sumner? I do not wonder that Miss Ashleigh rejected him."

I said this, for I was nettled, as well as surprised, at the coolness with which a lady who had professed a friendship for me mentioned that fortunate young gentleman with so complete an oblivion of all the antecedents that had once made his name painful to my ear.

In turn, my answer seemed to nettle Mrs. Poyntz.

"I am not so sure that she did reject; perhaps she rather misunderstood him; gallant compliments are not always proposals of marriage. However that be, his spirits were not much damped by Miss Ashleigh's disdain, nor his heart deeply smitten by her charms, for he is now very happy, very much attached to another young lady, to whom he proposed three days ago at Lady Delafield's, and, not to make a mystery of what all our little world will know before to-morrow, that young lady is my daughter Jane."

"Were I acquainted with Mr. Sumner, I should offer to *him* my sincere congratulation."

Mrs. Poyntz resumed, without heeding a reply more complimentary to Miss Jane than to the object of her choice:

"I told you that I meant Jane to marry a rich country gentleman, and Ashleigh Sumner is the very country gentleman I had then in my thoughts. He is cleverer and more ambitious than I could have hoped; he will be a minister some day, in right of his talents, and a peer if he wishes it, in right of his lands. So that matter is settled."

There was a pause, during which my mind passed rapidly through links of reminiscence and reasoning, which led me to a mingled sentiment of admiration for Mrs. Poyntz as a diplomatist and of distrust for Mrs. Poyntz as a friend. It was now clear why Mrs. Poyntz, before so little disposed to approve my love, had urged me at once to offer my hand to Lilian, in order that she might depart affianced and engaged to the house in which she would meet Mr. Ashleigh Sumner. Hence Mrs. Poyntz's anxiety to obtain all the information I could afford her of the sayings and doings at Lady Haughton's; hence the publicity she had so suddenly given to my engagement; hence, when Mr. Sumner had gone away, a rejected suitor, her own departure from L——; she had seized the very moment when a vain and proud man, piqued by the mortification received from one lady, falls the easier prey to the arts which allure his suit to another. All was so far clear to me. And I—was my self-conceit less egregious and less readily duped than that of yon gilded popinjay's! How skillfully this woman had knitted me into her work with the noiseless turn of her white hands! and yet, forsooth, I must vaunt the superior scope of my intellect, and plumb all the fountains of Nature—I, who could not fathom the little pool of this female schemer's mind!

But that was no time for resentment to her or rebuke for myself. She was now the woman who could best protect and save from slander my innocent, beloved Lilian. But how approach that perplexing subject?

Mrs. Poyntz approached it, and with her usual decision of purpose, which bore so deceitful a likeness to candor of mind.

"But it was not to talk of my affairs that I asked you to call, Allen Fenwick." As she uttered my name her voice softened, and her manner took that maternal, caressing tenderness which had sometimes amused and sometimes misled me. "No, I do not forget that you asked me to be your friend, and I take, without scruple, the license of friendship. What are these stories that I have heard already about Lilian Ashleigh, to whom you were once engaged?"

"To whom I am still engaged."

"Is it possible? Oh, then, of course the stories I have heard are all false. Very likely; no fiction in scandal ever surprises me. Poor dear Lilian, then, never ran away from her mother's house?"

I smothered the angry pain which this mode of questioning caused me; I knew how important it was to Lilian to secure to her the countenance and support of this absolute autocrat; I spoke of Lilian's long previous distemper of mind; I accounted for it as any intelligent physician, unacquainted with all that I could not reveal, would account. Heaven forgive me for the venial falsehood, but I spoke of the terrible charge against myself as enough to unhinge, for a time, the intellect of a girl so acutely sensitive as Lilian; I sought to create that impression as to the origin of all that might otherwise seem strange; and in this state of cerebral excitement she had wandered from home—but alone. I had tracked every step of her way; I had found and restored her to her home. A critical delirium had followed, from which she now rose, cured in health, unsuspicious that there could be a whisper against her name. And then, with all the eloquence I could command, and in words as adapted as I could frame them to soften the heart of a woman, herself a mother, I implored Mrs. Poyntz's aid to silence all the cruelties of calumny, and extend her shield over the child of her own early friend.

When I came to an end I had taken, with caressing force, Mrs. Poyntz's reluctant hands in mine. There were tears in my voice, tears in my eyes. And the first sound of her voice in reply gave me hope, for it was unusually gentle. She was evidently moved. The hope was soon quelled.

"Allen Fenwick," she said, "you have a noble heart; I grieve to see how it abuses your reason. I can not aid Lilian Ashleigh in the way you ask. Do not start back so indignantly. Listen to me as patiently as I have listened to you. That when you brought back the unfortunate young woman to her poor mother her mind was disordered, and became yet more dangerously so, I can well believe; that she is now recovered, and thinks with shame, or refuses to think at all of her imprudent flight, I can believe also; but I do not believe, the World can not believe, that she did not, knowingly and purposely, quit her mother's roof, and in quest of that young stranger so incautiously, so unfeelingly admitted to her mother's house during the very time you were detained on the most awful of human accusations. Every one in the town knows that Mr. Margrave visited daily at Mrs. Ashleigh's during that painful period; every one in the town knows in what strange, out-of-the-way place this young man had niched himself; and that a yacht was bought, and lying in wait there. What for? It is said that the chaise in which you brought Miss Ashleigh back to her home was hired at a village within an easy reach of Mr. Margrave's lodging—of Mr. Margrave's yacht. I rejoice that you saved the poor girl from ruin; but her good name is tarnished, and if Anne Ashleigh, whom I sincerely pity, asks me my advice, I can but give her this: 'Leave L——, take your daughter abroad, and if she is not to marry Mr. Margrave, marry her as quietly and as quickly as possible to some foreigner.'"

"Madam! Madam! this, then, is your friendship to her—to me! Oh, shame on you to insult thus an affianced husband! Shame on me ever to have thought you had a heart!"

"A heart, man!" she exclaimed, almost fiercely, springing up, and startling me with the change in her countenance and voice. "And little you would have valued, and pitilessly have crushed this heart, if I had suffered myself to show it to you! What right have you to reproach me? I felt a warm interest in your career, an unusual attraction in your conversation and society. Do you blame me for that, or should I blame myself? Condemned to live among brainless puppets, my dull occupation to pull the strings that moved them, it was a new charm to my life to establish friendship and intercourse with intellect, and spirit, and courage. Ah, I understand that look, half incredulous, half inquisitive."

"Inquisitive, no! incredulous, yes! You desired my friendship, and how does your harsh judgment of my betrothed wife prove either to me or to her mother, whom you have known from your girlhood, the first duty of a friend, which is surely not that of leaving a friend's side the moment that he needs countenance in calumny, succor in trouble."

"It is a better duty to prevent the calumny and avert the trouble. Leave aside Anne Ashleigh, a cipher that I can add or subtract from my sum of life as I please. What is my duty to yourself? It is plain. It is to tell you that your honor commands you to abandon all thoughts of Lilian Ashleigh as your wife. Ungrateful that you are! Do you suppose it was no mortification to my pride of woman and friend that you never approached me in confidence except to ask my good offices in promoting your courtship to another? No shock to the quiet plans I had formed as to our familiar though harmless intimacy, to hear that you were bent on a marriage in which my friend would be lost to me?"

"Not lost!—not lost! On the contrary, the regard I must suppose you had for Lilian would have been a new link between our homes."

"Pooh! Between me and that dreamy girl there could have been no sympathy, there could have grown up no regard. You would have been chained to your fireside, and—and—but no matter. I stifled my disappointment as soon as I felt—stifled it, as all my life I have stifled that which either destiny or duty—duty to myself as to others—forbids me to indulge. Ah, do not fancy me one of the weak criminals who can suffer a worthy liking to grow into a debasing love. I was not in love with you, Allen Fenwick."

"Do you think I was ever so presumptuous a coxcomb as to fancy it?"

"No," she said, more softly; "I was not so false to my household ties and to my own nature. But there are some friendships which are as jealous as love. I could have cheerfully aided you in any choice which my sense could have approved for you as wise; I should have been pleased to have found in such a wife my most intimate companion. But that silly child!—absurd! Nevertheless, the freshness and enthusiasm of your love touched me; you asked my aid, and I gave it—perhaps I did believe that when you saw more of Lilian Ashleigh you would be cured of a fancy conceived by the eye—I should have known better what dupes the wisest men can be to the witcheries of a fair face and eighteen! When I found your illusion obstinate I wrenched myself away from a vain regret, turned to my own schemes and my own ambition, and smiled bitterly to think that in pressing you to propose so hastily to Lilian I made your blind passion an agent in my own plans. Enough of this. I speak thus openly and boldly to you now, because now I have not a sentiment that can interfere with the dispassionate soundness of my counsels. I repeat, you can not now marry Lilian Ashleigh; I can not take my daughter to visit her; I can not destroy the social laws that I myself have set in my petty kingdom."

"Be it as you will. I have pleaded for her while she is still Lilian Ashleigh. I plead for no one to whom I have once given my name. Before the woman whom I have taken from the altar I can place, as a shield sufficient, my strong breast of man. Who has so deep an interest in Lilian's purity as I have? Who so fitted to know the exact truth of every whisper against her? Yet when I, whom you admit to have some reputation for shrewd intelligence—I, who tracked her way—I, who restored her to her home—when I, Allen Fenwick, am so assured of her inviolable innocence in thought as in deed that I trust my honor to her keeping—surely, surely I confute the scandal which you yourself do not believe, though you refuse to reject and to annul it."

"Do not deceive yourself, Allen Fenwick," said she, still standing beside me, her countenance now hard and stern. "Look, where I stand I am THE WORLD! The World, not as satirists depreciate or as optimists extol its immutable properties, its all-pervasive authority. I am The World! And my voice is the World's voice when it thus warns you. Should you make this marriage, your dignity of character and position would be gone!—if you look only to lucre and professional success, possibly *they* may not ultimately suffer. You have skill, which men need; their need may still draw patients to your door, and pour guineas into your purse. But you have the pride as well as the birth of a gentleman, and the wounds to that pride will be hourly chafed and never healed. Your strong breast of man has no shelter to the frail name of woman. The World, in its health, will look down on your wife, though its sick may look up to you. This is not all. The World, in its gentlest mood of indulgence, will say, compassionately, 'Poor man! how weak, and how deceived! What an unfortunate marriage!' But the World is not often indulgent, it looks most to the motives most seen on the surface. And the World will more frequently say, 'No, much too clever a man to be duped. Miss Ashleigh had money. A good match to the man who liked gold better than honor.'"

I sprang to my feet, with difficulty suppressing my rage, and, remembering it was a woman who spoke to me, "Farewell, Madam," said I, through my grinded teeth. "Were you indeed the Personation of The World, whose mean notions you mouth so calmly, I could not disdain you more." I turned to the door, and left her still standing erect and menacing, the hard sneer on her resolute lip, the red glitter in her remorseless eye.

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* Such instances of suspense of memory are recorded in most physiological, and in some metaphysical, works. Dr. Abercrombie notices some more or less similar to that related in the text: "A young lady who was present at a catastrophe in Scotland, in which many people lost their lives by the fall of the gallery of a church, escaped without any injury, but with the complete loss of the recollection of any of the circumstances; and this extended not only to the accident, but to every thing that had occurred to her for a certain time before going to church. A lady whom I attended some years ago in a protracted illness, in which her memory became much impaired, lost the recollection of a period of about ten or twelve years, but spoke with perfect consistency of things as they stood before that time." Dr. Abercrombie adds: "As far as I have been able to trace it, the principle in such cases seems to be, that when the memory is impaired to a certain degree, the loss of it extends backward to some event or some period by which a particularly deep impression had been made upon the mind."—Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers, pages 118, 119 (15th edition).

CHAPTER LVIII.

If ever my heart vowed itself to Lilian, the vow was now the most trustful and the most sacred. I had relinquished our engagement before, but then her affection seemed, no matter from what cause, so estranged from me that though I might be miserable to lose her, I deemed that she would be unhappy in our union. Then, too, she was the gem and darling of the little world in which she lived; no whisper assailed her; now I knew that she loved me. I knew that her estrangement had been involuntary. I knew that appearances wronged her, and that they never could be explained. I was in the true position of man to woman: I was the shield, the bulwark, the fearless, confiding protector! Resign her now because the world babbled, because my career might be impeded, because my good name might be impeached—resign her, and, in that resignation, confirm all that was said against her! Could I do so I should be the most craven of gentlemen, the meanest of men!

I went to Mrs. Ashleigh, and entreated her to hasten my union with her daughter, and fix the marriage day.

I found the poor lady dejected and distressed. She was now sufficiently relieved from the absorbing anxiety for Lilian to be aware of the change on the face of that World which the woman I had just quitted personified and concentred; she had learned the cause from the bloodless lips of Miss Brabazon.

"My child—my poor child!" murmured the mother. "And she so guileless—so sensitive! Could she know what is said it would kill her. She would never marry you, Allen. She would never bring shame to you!"

"She never need learn the barbarous calumny. Give her to me, and at once; patients, fortune, fame, are not found only at L——. Give her to me at once. But let me name a condition: I have a patrimonial independence—I have amassed large savings—I have my profession and my repute. I can not touch her fortune—I can not—never can! Take it while you live; when you die, leave it to accumulate for her children, if children she have, not to me; not to her—unless I am dead or ruined!"

"Oh, Allen, what a heart!—what a heart! No, not heart, Allen—that bird in its cage has a heart: *soul*—what a soul!"

CHAPTER LIX.

How innocent was Lilian's virgin blush when I knelt to her and prayed that she would forestall the date that had been fixed for our union, and be my bride before the breath of the autumn had withered the pomp of the woodland and silenced the song of the birds. Meanwhile I was so fearfully anxious that she should risk no danger of hearing, even of surmising, the cruel slander against her—should meet no cold contemptuous looks—above all, should be safe from the barbed talk of Mrs. Poyntz—that I insisted on the necessity of immediate change of air and scene. I proposed that we should all three depart the next day for the banks of my own beloved and native Windermere. By that pure mountain air Lilian's health would be soon reestablished; in the church hallowed to me by the graves of my fathers our vows could be plighted. No calumny had ever cast a shadow over those graves. I felt as if my bride would be safer in the neighborhood of my mother's tomb.

I carried my point: it was so arranged. Mrs. Ashleigh, however, was reluctant to leave before she had seen her dear friend, Margaret Poyntz. I had not the courage to tell her what she might expect to hear from that dear friend, but, as delicately as I could, I informed her that I had already seen the Queen of the Hill, and contradicted the gossip that had reached her; but that as yet, like other absolute sovereigns, the Queen of the Hill thought it politic to go with the popular stream, reserving all check on its direction till the rush of its torrent might slacken; and that it would be infinitely wiser in Mrs. Ashleigh to postpone conversation with Mrs. Poyntz until Lilian's return to L—— as my wife; slander by that time would have wearied itself out, and Mrs. Poyntz (assuming her friendship to Mrs. Ashleigh to be sincere) would then be enabled to say with authority to her subjects, "Dr. Fenwick alone knows the facts of the story, and his marriage with Miss Ashleigh refutes all the gossip to her prejudice."

I made, that evening, arrangements with a young and rising practitioner to secure attendance on my patients during my absence. I passed the greater part of the night in drawing up memoranda to guide my proxy in each case, however humble the sufferer. This task finished, I chanced, in searching for a small microscope, the wonders of which I thought might interest and amuse Lilian, to open a drawer in which I kept the manuscript of my cherished Physiological Work, and in so doing my eye fell upon the wand which I had taken from Margrave. I had thrown it into that drawer on my return home after restoring Lilian to her mother's house, and, in the anxiety which had subsequently preyed upon my mind, had almost forgotten the strange possession I had as strangely acquired. There it now lay, the instrument of agencies over the mechanism of nature which no doctrine admitted by my philosophy could accept, side by side with the presumptuous work which had analyzed the springs by which nature is moved, and decided the principles by which reason metes out, from the inch of its knowledge, the plan of the Infinite Unknown.

I took up the wand, and examined it curiously. It was evidently the work of an age far remote from our own, scored over with half-obliterated characters in some Eastern tongue, perhaps no longer extant. I found that it was hollow within. A more accurate observation showed, in the centre of this hollow, an exceedingly fine, thread-like wire, the unattached end of which would slightly touch the palm when the wand was taken into the hand. Was it possible that there might be a natural and even a simple cause for the effects which this instrument produced? Could it serve to collect, from that great focus of animal heat and nervous energy which is placed in the palm of the human hand, some such latent fluid as that which Reichenbach calls the "odic," which, according to him, "rushes through and pervades universal Nature?" After all, why not? For how many centuries lay unknown all the virtues of the loadstone and the amber? It is but as yesterday that the forces of vapor have become to men genii more powerful than those conjured up by Aladdin; that light, at a touch, springs forth from invisible air, that thought finds a messenger swifter than the wings of the fabled Afrite. As, thus musing, my hand closed over the wand, I felt a wild thrill through my frame. I recoiled; I was alarmed lest (according to the plain common-sense theory of Julius Faber) I might be preparing my imagination to form and to credit its own illusions. Hastily I laid down the wand. But then it occurred to me that, whatever its properties, it had so served the purposes of the dread Fascinator from whom it had been taken, that he might probably seek to repossess himself of it; he might contrive to enter my house in my absence; more prudent to guard in my own watchful keeping the incomprehensible instrument of incomprehensible arts. I resolved, therefore, to take the wand with me, and, before I laid down to rest, I placed it in my traveling-trunk with such effects as I selected for use in the excursion that was to commence with the morrow. I now laid down to rest, but I could not sleep. The recollections of the painful interview with Mrs. Poyntz became vivid and haunting. It was clear that the sentiment she had conceived for me was that of no simple friendship—something more or something less—but certainly something else; and this conviction brought before me that proud hard face, disturbed by a pang wrestled against but not subdued, and that clear metallic voice, troubled by the quiver of an emotion which, perhaps, she had never analyzed to herself. I did not need her own assurance to know that this sentiment was not to be confounded with a love which she would have despised as a weakness and repelled as a crime; it was an inclination of the intellect, not a passion of the heart. But still it admitted a jealousy little less keen than that which has love for its cause; so true it is that jealousy is never absent where self-love is always present. Certainly it was no susceptibility of sober friendship which had made the stern arbitress of a coterie ascribe to her interest in me her pitiless judgment of Lilian. Strangely enough, with the image of this archetype of conventional usages and the trite social life came that of the mysterious Margrave, surrounded by all the attributes with which superstition clothes the being of the shadowy border land that lies beyond the chart of our visual world itself. By what link were creatures so dissimilar riveted together in the metaphysical chain of association? Both had entered into the record of my life when my life admitted its own first romance of love. Through the aid of this cynical schemer I had been made known to Lilian. At her house I had heard the dark story of that Louis Grayle, with whom, in mocking spite of my reason, conjectures (which that very reason must depose itself before it could resolve into distempered fancies) identified the enigmatical Margrave. And now both she, the representative of the formal world most opposed to visionary creeds, and he, who gathered round him all the terrors which haunt the realm of fable, stood united against me—foes with whom the intellect I had so haughtily cultured knew not how to cope. Whatever assault I might expect from either I was unable to assail again. Alike, then, in this are the Slander and the Phantom; that which appals us most in their power over us is our impotence against them.

But up rose the sun, chasing the shadows from the earth, and brightening insensibly the thoughts of man. After all, Margrave had been baffled and defeated, whatever the arts he had practiced and the secrets he possessed. It was, at least, doubtful whether his evil machinations would be renewed. He had seemed so incapable of long-sustained fixity of purpose, that it was probable he was already in pursuit of some new agent or victim; and as to this commonplace and conventional spectre, the so-called World, if it is every where to him whom it awes, it is nowhere to him who despises it. What was the good or bad word of a Mrs. Poyntz to me? Ay, but to Lilian? There, indeed, I trembled; but still even in trembling it was sweet to think that my home would be her shelter—my choice her vindication. Ah, how unutterably tender and reverential Love becomes when it assumes the duties of the guardian, and hallows its own heart into a sanctuary of refuge for the beloved!

CHAPTER LX.

The beautiful lake! We two are on its grassy margin. Twilight melting into night; the stars stealing forth, one after one. What a wonderful change is made within us when we come from our callings among men, chafed, wearied, wounded; gnawed by our cares, perplexed by the doubts of our very wisdom, stung by the adder that dwells in cities—Slander; nay, even if renowned, fatigued with the burden of the very names that we have won; what a change is made within us when suddenly we find ourselves transported into the calm solitudes of Nature—into scenes familiar to our happy dreaming childhood; back, back from the dusty thoroughfares of our toil-worn manhood to the golden fountain of our youth! Blessed is the change, even when we have no companion beside us to whom the heart can whisper its sense of relief and joy. But if the One, in whom all our future is garnered up, be with us there, instead of that weary World which has so magically vanished away from the eye and the thought, then does the change make one of those rare epochs of life in which the charm is the stillness. In the pause from all, by which our own turbulent struggles for happiness trouble existence, we feel with a rapt amaze how calm a thing it is to be happy. And so as the night, in deepening, brightened, Lilian and I wandered by the starry lake. Conscious of no evil in ourselves, how secure we felt from evil! A few days more—a few days more, and we two should be as one. And that thought we uttered in many forms of words, brooding over it in the long intervals of enamored silence.

And when we turned back to the quiet inn at which we had taken up our abode, and her mother, with her soft face, advanced to meet us, I said to Lilian:

"Would that in these scenes we could fix our home for life, away and afar from the dull town we have left behind us, with the fret of its wearying cares and the jar of its idle babble!"

"And why not, Allen? Why not? But no, you would not be happy."

"Not be happy, and with you? Skeptic! by what reasonings do you arrive at that ungracious conclusion?"

"The heart loves repose and the soul contemplation, but the mind needs action. Is it not so?"

"Where learned you that aphorism, out of place on such rosy lips?"

"I learned it in studying you," murmured Lilian, tenderly.

Here Mrs. Ashleigh joined us. For the first time I slept under the same roof as Lilian. And I forgot that the universe contained an enigma to solve or an enemy to fear.

CHAPTER LXI.

Twenty days—the happiest my life had ever known—thus glided on. Apart from the charm which love bestows on the beloved, there was that in Lilian's conversation which made her a delightful companion. Whether it was that in this pause from the toils of my career my mind could more pliantly supple itself to her graceful imagination, or that her imagination itself was less vague and dreamy amidst those rural scenes which realized in their loveliness and grandeur its long-conceived ideals than it had been in the petty garden-ground neighborhood by the stir and hubbub of the busy town, in much that I had once slighted or contemned as the vagaries of undisciplined fancy I now recognized the sparkle and play of an intuitive genius lighting up many a depth obscure to instructed thought. It is with some characters as with the subtler and more ethereal order of poets. To appreciate them we must suspend the course of artificial life. In the city we call them dreamers, on the mountain-top we find them interpreters.

In Lilian the sympathy with Nature was not, as in Margrave, from the joy and sense of Nature's lavish vitality; it was refined into exquisite perception of the diviner spirit by which that vitality is informed. Thus, like the artist, from outward forms of beauty she drew forth the covert types, lending to things the most familiar exquisite meanings unconceived before. For it is truly said by a wise critic of old, that "the attribute of Art is to suggest infinitely more than it expresses;" and such suggestions, passing from the artist's innermost thought into the mind that receives them, open on and on into the Infinite of Ideas, as a moonlit wave struck by a passing oar impels wave upon wave along one track of light.

So the days glided by, and brought the eve of our bridal morn. It had been settled that, after the ceremony (which was to be performed by license in the village church, at no great distance, which adjoined my paternal home now passed away to strangers), we should make a short excursion into Scotland, leaving Mrs. Ashleigh to await our return at the little inn.

I had retired to my own room to answer some letters from anxious patients, and having finished these, I looked into my trunk for a Guide-Book to the North, which I had brought with me. My hand came upon Margrave's wand, and remembering that strange thrill which had passed through me when I last handled it, I drew it forth, resolved to examine calmly if I could detect the cause of the sensation. It was not now the time of night in which the imagination is most liable to credulous impressions, nor was I now in the anxious and jaded state of mind in which such impressions may be the more readily conceived. The sun was slowly setting over the delicious landscape; the air cool and serene; my thoughts collected; heart and conscience alike at peace. I took, then, the wand, and adjusted it to the palm of the hand as I had done before. I felt the slight touch of the delicate wire within, and again the thrill! I did not this time recoil; I continued to grasp the wand, and sought deliberately to analyze my own sensations in the contact. There came over me an increased consciousness of vital power; a certain exhilaration, elasticity, vigor, such as a strong cordial may produce on a fainting man. All the forces of my frame seemed refreshed, redoubled; and as such effects on the physical system are ordinarily accompanied by correspondent effects on the mind, so I was sensible of a proud elation of spirits, a kind of defying, superb self-glorying. All fear seemed blotted out from my thought, as a weakness impossible to the grandeur and might which belong to Intellectual Man; I felt as if it were a royal delight to scorn Earth and its opinions, brave Hades and its spectres. Rapidly this new-born arrogance enlarged itself into desires vague but daring; my mind reverting to the wild phenomena associated with its memories of Margrave, I said, half aloud, "If a creature so beneath myself in constancy of will and completion of thought can wrest from Nature favors so marvelous, what could not be won from her by me, her patient, persevering seeker? What if there be spirits around and about, invisible to the common eye, but whom we can submit to our control; and what if this rod be charged with some occult fluid that runs through all creation, and can be so disciplined as to establish communication wherever life and thought can reach to beings that live and think! So would the mystics of old explain what perplexes me. Am I sure that the mystics of old duped themselves or their pupils? This, then, this slight wand, light as a reed in my grasp—this, then, was the instrument by which Margrave sent his irresistible will through air and space, and by which I smote himself, in the midst of his tiger-like wrath, into the helplessness of a sick man's swoon! Can the instrument at this distance still control him; if now meditating evil, disarm and disable his purpose?" Involuntarily as I revolved these ideas I stretched forth the wand, with a concentred energy of desire that its influence should reach Margrave and command him. And since I knew not his whereabout, yet was vaguely aware that, according to any conceivable theory by which the wand could be supposed to carry its imagined virtues to definite goals in distant space, it should be pointed in the direction of the object it was intended to affect, so I slowly moved the wand as if describing a circle, and thus, in some point of the circle—east, west, north, or south—the direction could not fail to be true. Before I had performed half the circle the wand of itself stopped, resisting palpably the movement of my hand to impel it onward. Had it, then, found the point to which my will was guiding it, obeying my will by some magnetic sympathy never yet comprehended by any recognized science? I know not; but I had not held it thus fixed for many seconds before a cold air, well remembered, passed by me, stirring the roots of my hair, and, reflected against the opposite wall, stood the hateful Scin-Læca. The Shadow was dimmer in its light than when before beheld, and the outline of the features was less distinct; still it was the unmistakable *lemur*, or image, of Margrave.

And a voice was conveyed to my senses, saying, as from a great distance, and in weary yet angry accents,

"You have summoned me! Wherefore?"

I overcame the startled shudder with which at first I beheld the Shadow and heard the Voice.

"I summoned you not," said I; "I sought but to impose upon you my will, that you should persecute, with your ghastly influences, me and mine no more. And now, by whatever authority this wand bestows on me, I so adjure and command you!"

I thought there was a sneer of disdain on the lip through which the answer seemed to come:

"Vain and ignorant; it is but a shadow you command. My body you have cast into a sleep, and it knows not that the shadow is here; nor, when it wakes, will the brain be aware of one reminiscence of the words that you utter or the words that you hear."

"What, then, is this shadow that simulates the body? Is it that which in popular language is called the soul?"

"It is not: soul is no shadow."

"What then?"

"Ask not me. Use the wand to invoke Intelligences higher than mine."

"And how?"

"I will tell you not. Of yourself you may learn, if you guide the wand by your own pride of will and desire; but in the hands of him who has learned not the art the wand has its dangers. Again, I say you have summoned me! Wherefore?"

"Lying shade, I summoned thee not."

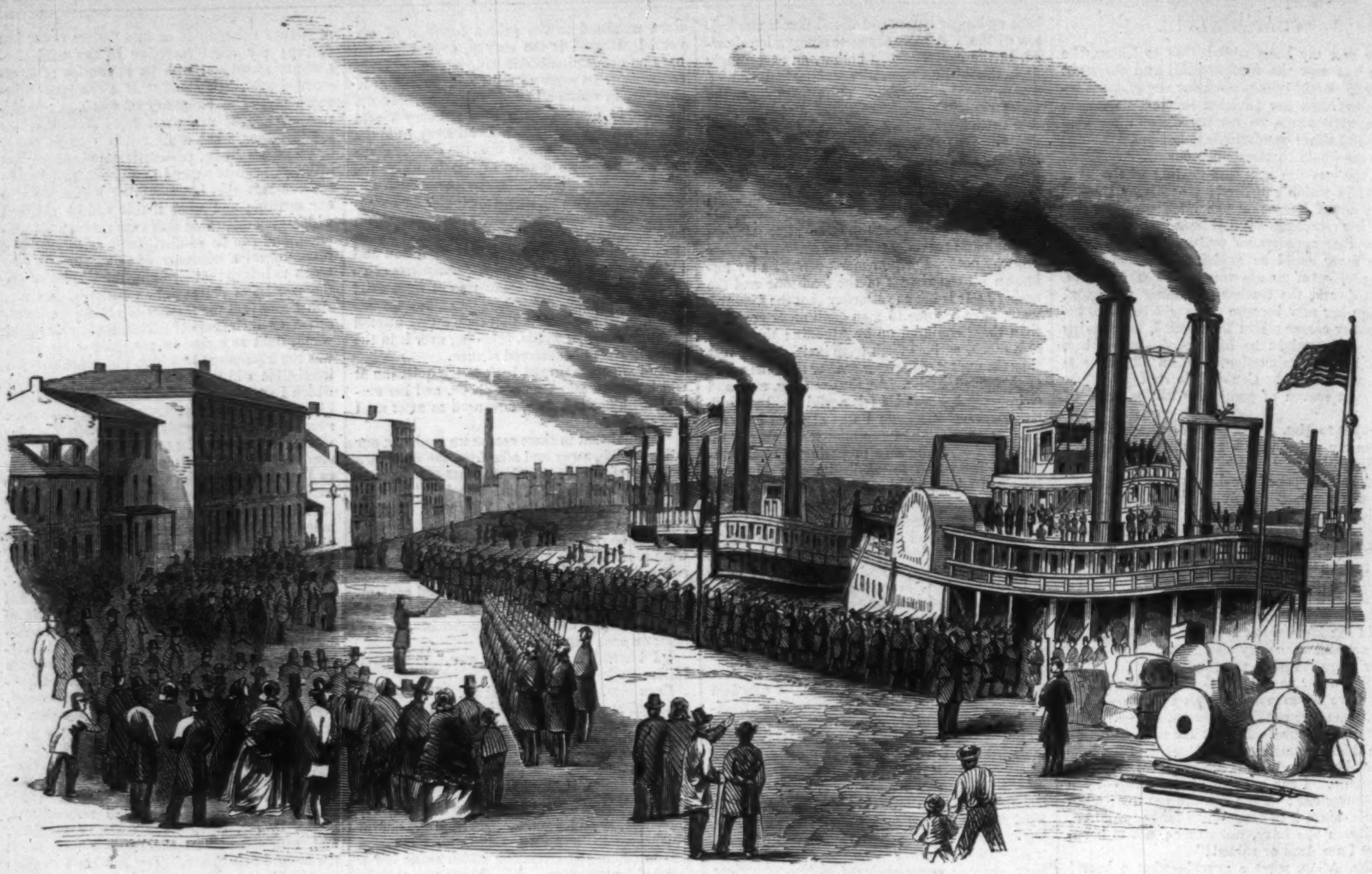
"So wouldst thou say to the demons, did they come in their terrible wrath, when the bungler, who knows not the springs that he moves, calls them up unawares, and can neither control nor dispel. Less revengeful than they, I leave thee unharmed, and depart!"

"Stay. If, as thou sayest, no command I address to thee—to thee, who art only the image or shadow—can have effect on the body and mind of the being whose likeness thou art, still thou canst tell me what passes now in his brain. Does it now harbor schemes against me through the woman I love? Answer truly."

"I reply for the sleeper, of whom I am more than a likeness, though only the shadow. His thought speaks thus: 'I know, Allen Fenwick, that in thee is the agent I need for achieving the end that I seek. Through the woman thou lovest I hope to subject thee. A grief that will harrow thy heart is at hand; when that grief shall befall thou wilt welcome my coming. In me alone thy hope will be placed—through me alone wilt thou seek a path out of thy sorrow. I shall ask my conditions: they will make thee my tool and my slave!'"

The Shadow waned—it was gone. I did not seek to detain it, nor, had I sought, could I have known by what process. But a new idea now possessed me. This Shadow, then, that had once so appalled and controlled me, was, by its own confession, nothing more than a Shadow! It had spoken of higher Intelligences; from them I might learn what the Shadow could not reveal. As I still held the wand firmer and firmer in my grasp, my thoughts grew haughtier and bolder. Could the wand, then, bring those loftier beings thus darkly referred to before me? With that thought, intense and engrossing, I

[*Continued on Page 30.*]



LANDING OF OHIO TROOPS AT LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.—[Sketched by Mr. H. Mosler.]

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

We devote this and the following page to illustrations of the War in Kentucky.

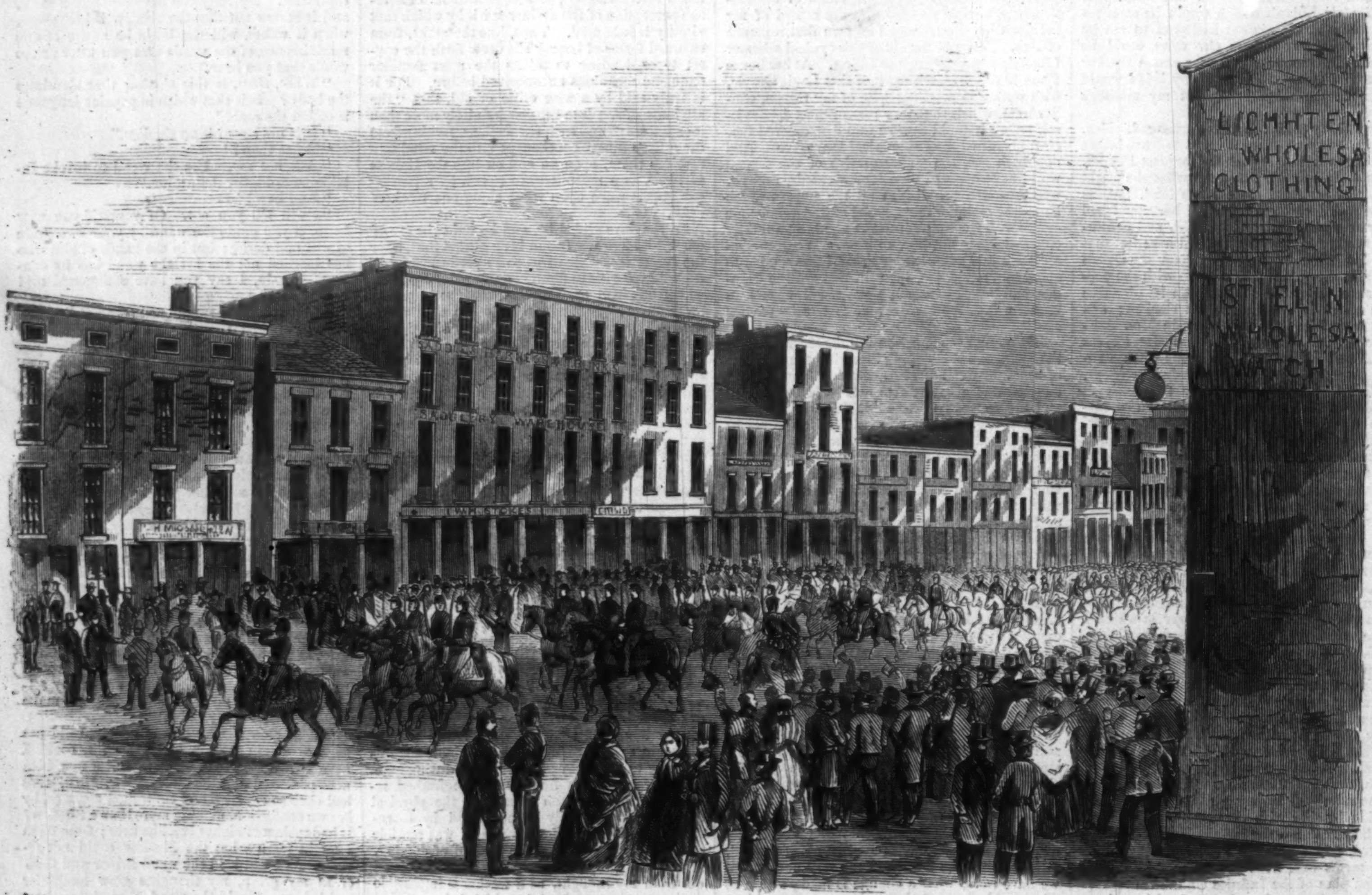
We reproduce above a sketch by Mr. Henry Mosler, representing the Arrival of Troops at Louisville. Mr. Mosler writes that regiments past counting are arriving at Louisville, and moving on no one knows where.

The picture below, also from a sketch by Mr. Mosler, represents General Buell's Body-Guard. Mr. M. writes that these are the finest body of men he has ever seen, being in truth and in fact the flower of the Pennsylvania troops. They are all from five feet ten inches to six feet in height, and were picked one man from each county of Pennsylvania.

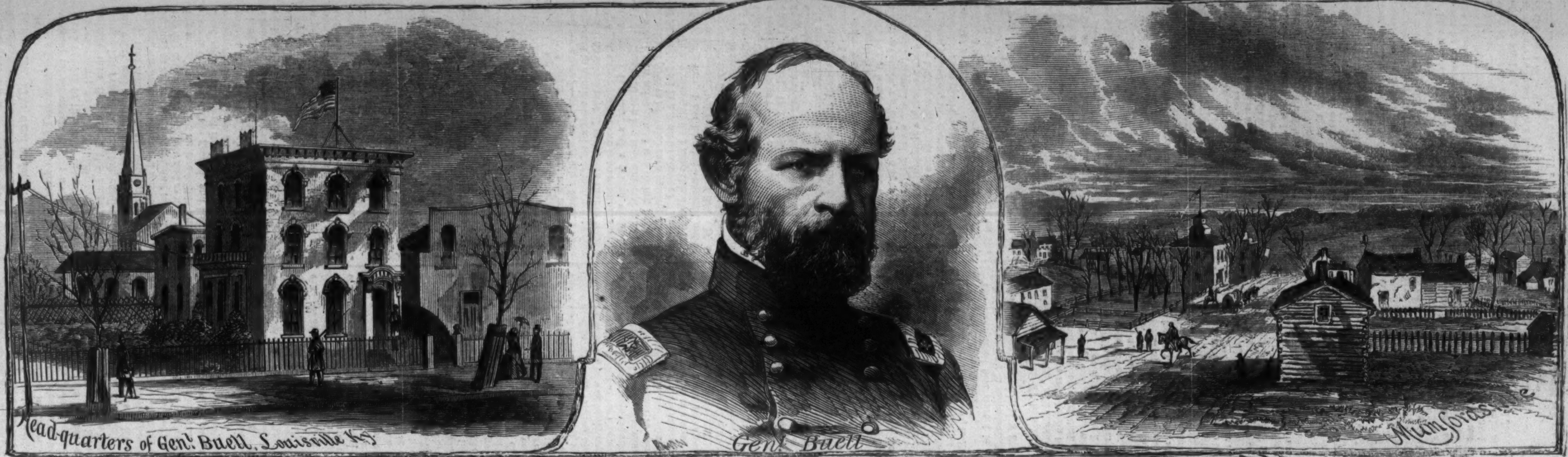
The large picture on the following page represents the recent Brilliant Skirmish between a part of Colonel Willick's Thirty-second Indiana Regiment and several rebel regiments—among others the Texan Rangers, under Colonel Terry. The official report from General Buell to the head-quarters at Washington, sent by telegraph, gives but few particulars of the brilliant resistance made by four companies of the Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers against a vastly superior rebel force under Colonel Terry. The rebel force consisted of one regiment of Texan Rangers, two regiments of infantry, and one battery of six guns; and that of the Unionists of but four companies, who occupied a point in front of the railroad bridge across Green River, a short distance south of Mumfordsville. The attack was made by the rebels at about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th December; and after a brief struggle, during which they lost Colonel Terry, of the Rangers—he, with thirty-three others, being killed, and about fifty others wounded—they ingloriously retreated. The Union loss was one lieutenant and eight enlisted men killed, and ten wounded.

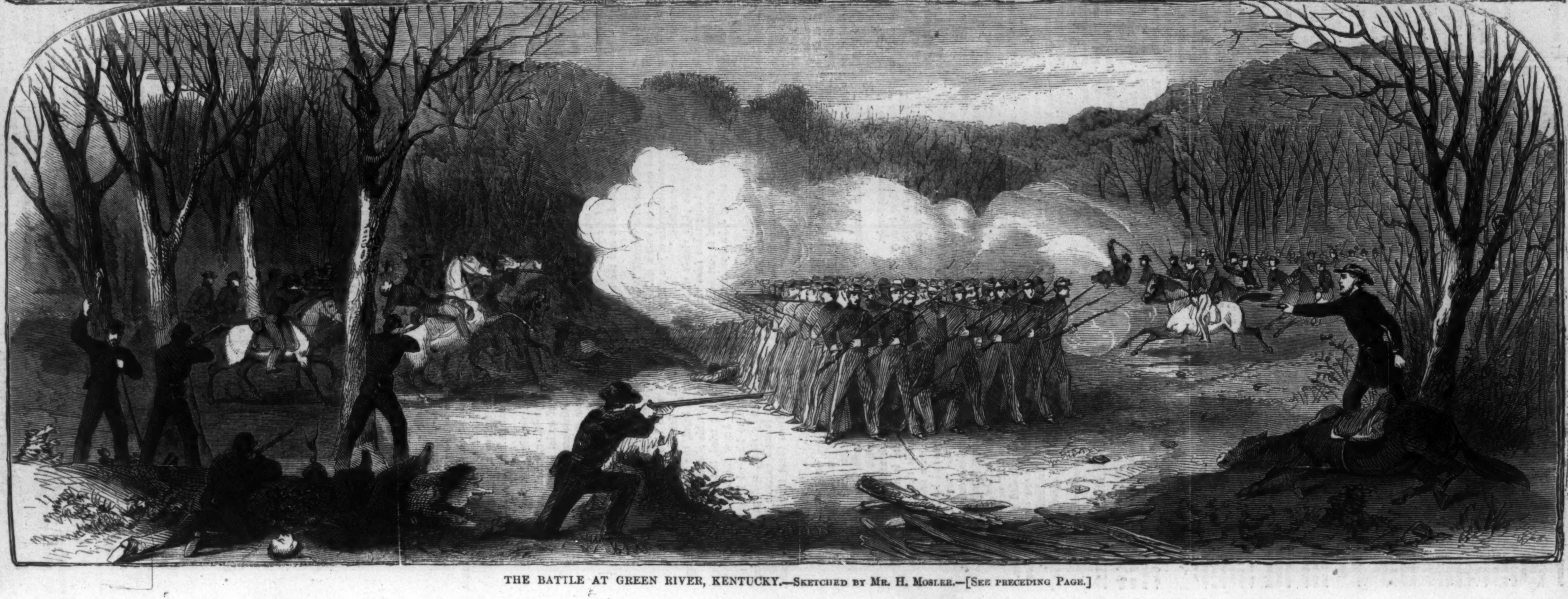
On the same page we give a portrait of General Buell, our Commander in Kentucky, and a view of his head-quarters. General Don Carlos Buell was born in Ohio, about the year 1819, and is consequently forty-two years of age. He entered West Point in 1837, graduated in 1841, and was appointed to the Third Infantry. He obtained his First-Lieutenancy in 1846, was breveted Captain for gallant and meritorious conduct in several conflicts at Monterey, in September of the same year; distinguished himself greatly at the battle of Cerro Gordo; was breveted Major for gallant conduct at Contreras and Churubusco, on 20th August, 1847. In 1848 Major Buell became Assistant Adjutant-General, and fulfilled the duties of that office till 1851, when he relinquished his rank in the line. On the outbreak of the rebellion Major Buell took an active part on the side of the Government, and was soon in command of a division under General M'Clellan. His division was remarked as the most thoroughly drilled in the service, and his soldierly qualities were so obvious, that when it became evident that General Sherman was not the man for the command in Kentucky it was given to General Buell.

General Buell's Head-Quarters are situated in one of the most aristocratic streets in Louisville—Fourth, between Green and Walnut.



GENERAL BUELL'S BODY-GUARD.—[Drawn by Mr. H. Mosler.]


Head-quarters of Genl. Buell, Louisville Ky.
Genl. Buell
Munfordsville



THE BATTLE AT GREEN RIVER, KENTUCKY.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

[*Continued from Page 27.*]

guided the wand toward the space, opening boundless and blue from the casement that let in the skies. The wand no longer resisted my hand.

In a few moments I felt the floors of the room vibrate; the air was darkened; a vaporous, hazy cloud seemed to rise from the ground without the casement; an awe, infinitely more deep and solemn than that which the Scin-Læca had caused in its earliest apparition, curdled through my veins, and stilled the very beat of my heart.

At that moment I heard without the voice of Lilian, singing a simple sacred song which I had learned at my mother's knees, and taught to her the day before; singing low, and as with a warning angel's voice. By an irresistible impulse I dashed the wand to the ground, and bowed my head as I had bowed it when my infant mind comprehended, without an effort, mysteries more solemn than those which perplexed me now. Slowly I raised my eyes, and looked round: the vaporous, hazy cloud had passed away, or melted into the ambient rose tints amidst which the sun had sunk.

Then, by one of those common reactions from a period of overstrained excitement, there succeeded to that sentiment of arrogance and daring with which these wild, half-conscious invocations had been fostered and sustained, a profound humility, a warning fear.

"What!" said I, inly, "have all those sound resolutions, which my reason founded on the wise talk of Julius Faber, melted away in the wrack of haggard, dissolving fancies? Is this my boasted intellect, my vaunted science? I—I, Allen Fenwick, not only the credulous believer, but the blundering practitioner, of an evil magic! Grant what may be possible, however uncomprehended—grant that in this accursed instrument of antique superstition there be some real powers—chemical, magnetic, no matter what—by which the imagination can be aroused, inflamed, deluded, so that it shapes the things I have seen, speaks in the tones I have heard—grant this, shall I keep ever ready, at the caprice of will, a constant tempter to steal away my reason and fool my senses?—or if, on the other hand, I force my sense to admit what all sober men must reject—if I unschool myself to believe that in what I have just experienced there is no mental illusion, that sorcery is a fact, and a demon world has gates which open to a key that a mortal can forge—who but a saint would not shrink from the practice of powers by which each passing thought of ill might find in a fiend its abettor? In either case—in any case—while I keep this direful relic of obsolete arts, I am haunted—cheated out of my senses—unfitted for the uses of life. If, as my ear or my fancy informs me, grief—human grief—is about to befall me, shall I, in the sting of impatient sorrow, have recourse to an aid which, the same voice declares, will reduce me to a tool and a slave?—tool and slave to a being I dread as a foe! Out on these nightmares! and away with the thing that bewitches the brain to conceive them!"

I rose; I took up the wand, holding it so that its hollow should not rest on the palm of the hand. I stole from the house by the back way, in order to avoid Lilian, whose voice I still heard, singing low, on the lawn in front. I came to a creek, to the bank of which a boat was moored, undid its chain, rowed on to a deep part of the lake, and dropped the wand into its waves. It sank at once; scarcely a ripple furrowed the surface, not a bubble arose from the deep. And, as the boat glided on, the star mirrored itself on the spot where the placid waters had closed over the tempter to evil.

Light at heart I sprang again on the shore, and hastening to Lilian, where she stood on the silvered shining sward, clasped her to my breast.

"Spirit of my life!" I murmured, "no enchantments for me but thine! Thine are the spells by which creation is beautified, and in that beauty hallowed. What though we can see not into the measureless future from the verge of the moment—what though sorrow may smite us while we are dreaming of bliss, let the future not rob me of thee, and a balm will be found for each wound. Love me ever as now, oh my Lilian; troth to troth, side by side, till the grave!"

"And beyond the grave," answered Lilian, softly.

JOHN SPENCER'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

CHRISTMAS-DAY dawned clear and frosty. The snow lay deep in the city streets, but deeper still on the country roads and in rustic lanes, filling them up to a level with the stone walls. Feathery flakes weighed down the branches of the trees, and gave to the whole landscape that aspect of dazzling white with which a New England winter makes us so familiar. Ricks of hay were so completely invested that they might easily be mistaken for mounds of snow. The ruddy-cheeked farmers' boys, with their trowsers tucked into their boots, manfully attacked the large drifts, and with gleaming shovels cut a way through their centre. Now and then the jingling of bells announced the approach of a sleigh or pung making its slow way through the encumbered roads, the horses floundering and smoking with the exertion they were compelled to make.

In a two-story house, accessible from the main street by a narrow lane and full half a mile from any other dwelling, lived John Spencer. There was nothing remarkable about the house. It was a plain building of two stories, built with the usual want of taste which distinguishes the farm-houses of New England. In the main part of the house there were two rooms on a floor, one on each side of the front door, while an L part of later date contained a kitchen, and overhead a bedroom. It may appear singular that this L part was the only portion of the house which its owner chose to occupy. The other rooms, though furnished and ready for occupancy, had not been used for years. No fire had been kindled in the old-fashioned fireplaces since the last female occupant had been borne out in a coffin fifteen years before.

For fifteen years John Spencer had occupied the house alone. Such had been his choice, since at various times he had been invited to let the remaining portion, but had invariably refused. This was the more singular, as in his solitude he had developed a strong passion for money, and in his own expenses had shown himself penurious to a degree. Little was known of his housekeeping, but his purchases in the village were so scanty, that conjectures could readily be formed as to his style of living, which, so far as could be judged, would hardly have proved tempting to an epicurean.

In the farmers' houses in the neighborhood Christmas received a noisy welcome. Young children danced with delight as they took from the nails to which they had suspended them the well-filled Christmas stockings, and vied with each other in being the first to offer the good wishes of the season. Wherever there are children Christmas is a festive season, and is greeted with joyful acclamations. The hospitable board groans with the weight of dainties, and for once the careful mother throws to the wind prudential considerations, and puts no check upon the vigorous appetites of her offspring. But in John Spencer's dwelling Christmas dawned quite like any other day. It is doubtful if he would have known of its arrival, had not some adventurous urchin in the joy of his heart so far forgotten his usual awe of the taciturn farmer as to greet him with "Merry Christmas!" that very morning. John Spencer eyed the little fellow with some surprise, and muttering that he did not know that it was Christmas-day, to the great amazement of the boy, who regarded St. Nicholas as the greatest saint in the calendar, and the day consecrated to him the most important of the year.

Quite regardless of the character of the day, John Spencer had seated himself in the room which served him alike as kitchen and sitting-room. He was seated on a three-legged stool, such as is sometimes used in milking. Before him was a large pile of corn, which he was busily engaged in husking. A bushel basket at his side received the ears of corn, while the husks were crowded into another to serve for fuel. While he is at work let us glance at him. His figure, which is spare, is tall and somewhat stooping. His age is forty-five, but time has not spared him, and his strongly-marked features give the impression of a more advanced age. Like most who are more accustomed to solitude than society he has an abstracted look. You can read in the rigid lines of his face that he is one who lives for himself, and is seldom called to sympathize with the joys and griefs of others.

For two hours he worked steadily at his self-imposed task; but when the last ear had been husked he rose from the stool and set about preparing dinner. This was too frugal to be quite in keeping with the day. A couple of sausages were placed over the fire to fry, and the same number of slices of bread were cut for toasting. These preparations completed, John Spencer was about to resume his seat when he was prevented from doing so by an unusual circumstance.

A faint knock was heard at the door, and an indistinct sound, something like a moan, seemed to blend with it.

In great surprise John Spencer advanced to the door and opened it cautiously. He had hardly done so when a woman, leading a boy of eleven by the hand, staggered in, and, sinking upon the nearest chair, murmured, "Help us, in Heaven's name! We are perishing with cold!"

The unexpected host started in astonishment. He had lived so long in solitude that it was a novel feeling for him—that of having guests under his roof.

"What is the matter?" he asked, awkwardly.

"We are very cold," said the boy, shivering.

John Spencer's eye rested upon him as he spoke. He was a handsome boy, with dark chestnut curls, a broad brow, and features that would have been very attractive but that his cheeks were pale and emaciated. His clothing was very scant for the season. Overcoat he had none, nor gloves, and his hands seemed numb with cold as he stretched them over the fire. There was something in the boy's looks that seemed to fix John Spencer's attention. He gazed intently upon his face, and passed his hand over his brow as if to recall some vague memory. With a degree of excitement remarkable in one usually so grave and self-contained, he advanced, and placing his hand on the boy's shoulder, said, hurriedly, "Quick, boy, your name?"

The boy looked up in surprise.

"My name is Charles Evans," he answered.

John Spencer started back as if the touch had stung him, and turned hastily to the woman, who was regarding him with a kind of mournful earnestness.

"It is true," she said, anticipating his question. "You see before you, John Spencer, one against whom you have had just cause of complaint. I am Margaret Evans."

"You have darkened my life, Margaret," said John Spencer, gloomily. "You have cut me off from joys I might have known. You have made me to differ from other men. Here for fifteen years I have lived in solitude, finding little joy in my own companionship, yet averse to that of others. You have much to answer for, Margaret."

"I have suffered much, John," said the woman, sadly. "Too late I discovered the mistake I had made in giving you up. I do not wish to speak harshly of *his* father"—she pointed to the boy as she spoke—"but he did not make me happy."

"Where is he now?" asked John Spencer, in a constrained tone.

"He is dead."

"Dead! How long?"

"A year since. Do not ask me to describe his death. It was terrible—his habits were not good."

"And since then?"

"I have submitted to much privation and much suffering. My husband left me nothing. I was in a great city, with no friends to care for me or help me. I tasked my strength to the utmost, but the world is a hard step-mother to her needy daughters. In my despair I at last bethought myself of you. I scarcely dared meet you, for I knew how cruelly I had flung away your heart, but I knew that you used to be generous, and I thought the sight of my distress might lead you to think pityingly of one whom you once professed to esteem."

John Spencer listened with downcast eyes and varying color. At length he looked up.

"You do not know the change that has been wrought in me, Margaret," he said. "I was once generous—at least I think so—but later years have made me selfish. I had no one to care for, and for me what are called life's pleasures moved me little. So for fifteen years I have lived as you see."

He glanced as he spoke around the rudely furnished room.

"Do you know what they call me in the neighborhood, Margaret?"

She looked at him, half inquiringly, half timidly.

"They call me miserly; and though at first it made me angry, I soon came to feel that they were right. Yet you have come to me, thinking me generous."

"I have been greatly to blame, John," said Margaret, in a subdued tone. "I am the guilty cause of this great change in you. I feel that I have no right to burden you. As soon as we have warmed ourselves we will go."

"Where?" demanded John Spencer, abruptly.

"I know not," said Margaret, turning pale. "But I think God will not suffer us to perish."

"Neither will I. For to-day at least you shall be welcome in this house. Stay, you must be hungry; is it not so?"

"We have eaten nothing since yesterday."

"Nothing since yesterday! And this is Christmas-day. No one should go hungry to-day. I must attend to that. But in the mean time you shall not wait. Here are some sausages and toast which I had just cooked for myself. I will take them from the stove, and you and the boy shall eat them."

"But you cooked them for yourself."

"Do not mind me. I can wait a little longer. Besides, I may require a service of you which you can not perform if you are faint."

The boy watched the plain viands with eager eyes while they were being taken from the fire, and needed no second command to partake.

While they were eating John Spencer left the house.

It was half an hour before he returned. There was a heavy basket hanging from his arm. He came in stamping the snow from his boots, and set the basket on the floor.

Margaret and her son looked at him inquiringly. They were seated before the stove. They were already looking more comfortable, now that they were relieved alike from the pangs of hunger and the nipping torture of cold.

"Did you relish your luncheon?" asked John Spencer of the boy.

"Yes," was the prompt reply.

"And you are no longer hungry?"

The boy hesitated. In truth the little he had eaten had done little more than stimulate his appetite.

"Come," said John Spencer, his features brightening into an unwonted smile, "I see that you will be able to eat something more."

"Yes, Sir, I think so," said the boy.

"Margaret," he continued, turning to the mother, "I must devolve my duties upon you. I have been accustomed to cook for myself, but not for others. I have something in my basket which goes beyond my skill. Can you help me?"

He lifted the cover and displayed a plump turkey and a variety of groceries.

"It is a long time ago, but I think I remember what my mother used to have for dinner on Christmas-day. If you will help me, I think for this day at least we will revive the old custom. What say you, Margaret?"

Margaret was already on her feet, ready to set about the preparation of the Christmas dinner. The boy's eyes sparkled with delight at the prospect before him. Truly a brilliant prospect for one who, an hour since, had been a homeless wayfarer!

It was two hours after the usual time before the dinner was served. It was wonderful to see what interest John Spencer took in its preparation—how he assisted to the extent of his ability; and when he could no longer be of service, how he watched Margaret as she bustled about.

Suddenly he left the house and returned with a large armful of wood. Half an hour later he threw open the door of the old sitting-room, which for fifteen years had been unoccupied. There was a bright fire blazing in the fire-place.

"We will have dinner here, Margaret," he said, quietly.

In due time the dinner was ready. The turkey was done to a turn, and for the pudding nothing could be more delicious. As John Spencer sat at the head of the table it seemed to him like a dream the life of solitude which he had spent, and the unforgotten past became a reality. His heart was stirred by feelings long dormant, and the thought of returning to the long monotony, now so strangely interrupted, made him shudder.

"Margaret," he said, abruptly, "why should not this continue?"

"I do not understand you," she said, [illegible]

"I mean to ask if you will be my wife. You need a home which I can give, and I shall be the happier for companionship."

"You are very kind, John, but I can not let you sacrifice yourself out of pity for me."

"Listen to me, Margaret. I loved you many years since, and I find that in spite of all that has passed I love you still. Will you be my wife?"

"Yes, John."

That was all she said, but it was enough. So it was all arranged as they sat over the Christmas dinner.

The marriage took place on New-Year's Day. There seemed no good reason for delay, since John Spencer had already waited twenty years for his bride. Of course the neighbors indulged largely in gossip, but this concerned John and Margaret little. After long tossing on the restless ocean they had at length found a quiet haven.

May they be happy, and all others who sit beside the Christmas fire!

STOCKINGS AND MITTENS.

THE summer's grain is harvested,
  The yellow corn is housed;
The meadows now are tenantless,
  Where late the cattle browsed.
The rustling of the autumn leaves,
  That flutter on the ground,
Proclaims the coming season
  With a melancholy sound.
    In the horror of the battle,
    In the hearing of the rattle
      Of the hissing rifle-ball;
    In the toiling of the marching,
    In the dread of death, o'erarching,
      Ere our gallant soldiers fall—
    There is pleading for the needing
    Of the feet so sorely bleeding,
      And the chapped and blistered hands.
    Of the hands so true and ready,
    Of the feet so strong and steady
      Of our gallant UNION bands.

A thousand needles glancing
  In the sparkling, crackling blaze
Of a host of social hearth-stones,
  Twist a thousand different ways;
Now in, now out they're moving,
  Like a thousand rays of light;
And they glisten with the loving
  Of remembering eyes to-night.
    And the nights grow colder, colder,
    As the year is getting older,
      On the bloody battle-ground;
    And a demon, fierce, unyielding,
    In his hand, the night-damp wielding,
      Walks his silent, deadly round.
    Tortured, tried, but nothing fearing,
    For they know the love endearing
      Them to kindred hearts at home:
    There they stand, still patient waiting
    For the future's earnest freighting
      Soon from those true hearts to come.

Still the thousand needles ringing
  Make a music all their own,
Seeming like a low, sad singing—
  Retrospective in its tone;
And the little Maltese kitten,
  Gently playing with the ball,
Wonders if the sock and mitten
  Mean to confiscate it all.
    Now the cloud is rising slowly,
    For a mission true and holy
      From a thousand loving hearts;
    Winds among the tangled mazes,
    Where the soldier's camp-fire blazes,
      Past the grimy powder-carts—
    Past the danger of the rifles,
    Past the smoke that nearly stifles,
      Through the guarded picket stakes.
    There they stand, worn out with labor,
    Father, Brother, Husband, Neighbor,
      "*Take and wear them for our sakes!*"

THE BATTLE OF DRANESVILLE.

WE publish on page 20 an illustration of the BATTLE OF DRANESVILLE, from a sketch by an officer who was an eye-witness. The following is the official dispatch from General M'Call to General Marcy, recounting the facts:

OFFICIAL REPORT FROM GENERAL M'CALL.

DRANESVILLE, *December 20—4 P.M.*

General Ord's brigade, with the First Regiment of Pennsylvania Rifles and Easton's battery of artillery, had a brisk affair with the enemy, consisting of four regiments and a battery of artillery, near this place at 12 M. to-day.

I arrived during the action, and sent for General Reynolds, who was left at Difficult Run. The enemy was defeated, and fled before General Reynolds arrived.

We have found forty killed of the enemy and ten wounded on the field. Our loss is two killed and three wounded. We have taken two caissons, with the harnesses, the horses having been killed.

The regiment of rifles behaved finely. Lieutenant-Colonel Kane was very slightly wounded, but is still in the field. I have collected the dead and wounded, and am about to move back to camp.

GEORGE A. M'CALL, Brig.-Gen. Commanding.

A correspondent of the *Herald* adds the following:

Meantime General Ord advanced to Thornton's House, near Dranesville, when his command was suddenly fired upon by a force lying in ambush in dense woods adjacent. This was the signal of battle, and a brisk engagement promptly ensued.

General M'Call, who arrived a few minutes previously, took command. In a moment's time Easton's battery was planted alongside the Thornton House, and fired rapidly and with terrible effect in the enemy's ambush. Colonel Kane's "Bucktail Riflemen" were placed in advance, and fired upon the enemy wherever they made their appearance. The rebels, who had a battery of six pieces, returned the cannonading, and replied to the rifles with musketry. The firing was kept up some three-quarters of an hour, when the enemy retreated rapidly, the fire of the whole brigade, rifles and battery, being too hot for them.

Our troops stood up bravely under the sharp volleys of the rebels. Their steadiness was praised by General M'Call and his officers.

The rebels took the direction of Fairfax Court House, leaving on the field a number of their killed and wounded. Our troops pursued them a short distance, and returned.

The scene in the woods presented all the horrors of a sanguinary battle-field, and the dead and dying lying strewn in various directions. Forty dead bodies of the rebels were picked up, and fifteen wounded prisoners were taken and placed in Hunter's and other houses in Dranesville.

General Ord captured eight wounded prisoners and two caissons with ammunition. In their haste the enemy left behind arms of all descriptions, clothing, etc.

Their loss is estimated at 150 killed and wounded. Among their killed was Colonel Tom Taylor, of Frankfort, Kentucky, and commander of the First Kentucky Regiment of rebels. The forces of the enemy consisted of three infantry regiments, First and Eleventh Kentucky, and Tenth Alabama, with a cavalry regiment and a battery, all under command of Colonel John H. Forney, of the Tenth Alabama, Acting Brigadier-General. The dead rebels were left on the field.

The loss on our side was six killed and eight wounded, most of whom belonged to the Bucktails. Colonel Kane received a slight wound.

OUR MAP OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

As the time is approaching when movements of our forces on THE MISSISSIPPI may be fairly expected, we publish on page 23 an elaborate MAP of the course of that River from CAIRO TO NEW ORLEANS, showing every ISLAND, TOWN, VILLAGE, etc., on either bank. The following List of Places, with their distances from NEW ORLEANS AND CAIRO, will be useful:

	Distance in Miles from	
	New Orleans.	Cairo.
Cairo	992	—
Norfolk, Missouri	986	6
Baldwinsville, Missouri	974	18
Columbus, Kentucky	970	22
Hickman, Kentucky	950	42
New Madrid, Missouri	906	86
Obionville, Kentucky	899	93
Riddle's Point, Missouri	896	96
Walker's Bend	878	114
Little Prairie, Missouri	871	121
Needham's Cut-off	847	145
Fork Deer River	841	151
Ashport, Tennessee	839	153
Osceola, Arkansas	827	165
1st Chickasaw Bluff	821	171
Fulton, Tennessee	817	175
Hatchie River	807	185
Randolph, Tennessee	807	185
Pecan Point	797	195
3d Chickasaw Bluff	787	205
Greenock, Arkansas	760	232
MEMPHIS, Tennessee	740	252
Fort Pickering	738	254
Grayson, Arkansas	732	260
Blue's Point, Arkansas	712	280
Commerce, Mississippi	710	282
Austin, Mississippi	704	288
St. Francis River	684	308
Helena, Arkansas	674	318
Yazoo Pass	666	326
Friar's Point	660	332
Horse-Shoe Bend	660	332
Old Town, Arkansas	657	335
Concordia, Mississippi	617	375
Montgomery Landing	607	385
Victoria, Mississippi	607	385
White River	603	389
Arkansas River	587	405
Napoleon, Arkansas	587	405
Bolivia, Mississippi	574	418
Gaines Landing	539	453
Columbia, Arkansas	521	471
Point Chicot, Arkansas	517	475
Greenville, Mississippi	513	479
Worthington Landing	491	501
Grand Lake Landing	485	507
Princeton, Mississippi	481	511
Bunches Bend	471	521
Providence, Louisiana	452	540
Tallalula, Mississippi	452	540
Tompkins, Louisiana	437	555
Brunswick, Mississippi	423	569
Milliken's Bend	411	581
Yazoo River	395	597
Walnut Hills	394	598
VICKSBURG	392	600
Warrenton, Mississippi	382	610
New Carthage, Louisiana	367	625
Point Pleasant, Louisiana	357	635
Big Black River	352	640
Grand Gulf, Mississippi	350	642
Bruinsburg, Mississippi	340	652
St. Joseph, Louisiana	334	658
Rodney, Mississippi	330	662
NATCHEZ, Mississippi	289	703
Vidalia, Louisiana	289	703
Ellis Cliff, Mississippi	271	721
Union Point, Louisiana	259	733
Homochitto River	246	746
Red River	225	767
Red River Landing	219	773
Racourci Bend	205	787
Tunica Bend	199	793
Bayou Sara River	177	815
St. Francisville	175	817
Point Coupee	175	817
Waterloo	170	822
Port Hudson	164	828
Baton Rouge, Louisiana	139	853
Manchac	124	868
Plaquemine	116	876
Iberville	106	886
Donaldsonville	82	910
Jefferson College	66	926
Bonnet Carre	42	950
Red Church, Louisiana	26	966
Carrollton, Louisiana	7	985
NEW ORLEANS	—	992
Fort St. Leon	—	1009
Fort St. Phillip	—	1064
Fort Jackson	—	1064
Mouths of Mississippi River	—	1094

THE STONE FLEET IN CHARLESTON HARBOR.

WE publish on page 17 a view of the SINKING OF THE FLEET OF OLD WHALERS, laden with stone, in the channel leading into Charleston harbor; and on page 18 a small CHART OF THE HARBOR, showing the ship channels now closed by our vessels. The correspondent of the *Herald* thus describes the scene:

> At half past four this afternoon (December 19), the tide being nearly full, we recrossed the bar and ran a hawser to the bark *Theodosia*, of New London, which was to be the first victim, and towed her across the bar to the upper boat, on the left-hand side of the channel. When we had her in a good position, Captain Stevens, through a speaking-trumpet, ordered the captain to "cast off the hawser."
>
> "Ay, ay, Sir," came back the reply; and the hawser was let go and roused in again on our deck in the twinkling of an eye. The trembling old bark, being under some headway, moved slowly on to the exact spot we wished her, and then struck the bottom; and her anchor dropped for the last time in the water, the chain rattling out as cheerfully as any chain might which had made its last run, and the old bark settled down into its own grave. The plug had been knocked out as the anchor dropped, and the water rushed madly and wildly in. In a moment the whale-boats were lowered and alongside, and the dunnage of the officers and crew rapidly passed over the bulwarks and into them.
>
> We did not wait for them, but hurried out, to tow in another before dark. The first ship touched bottom and the plug was drawn as the sun went down. Each had finished its course at the same moment; one to rise on the morrow as bright and glorious as ever, the other to waste away and go to pieces under the combined action of the elements which it had braved so long and so well. Alas! that a vessel, worn-out in the service of its owner, should be sold and come to such an ignoble end.
>
> The *Rebecca Simms* was towed in and anchored at the other side of the channel, and the water soon filled her hold, and she sank slowly and in a dignified manner, rocking uneasily, to be sure, as the water poured in, but going down with every rope and spar in place, as a brave man falls in battle, with his harness on.
>
> We had now got the position of the bar clearly marked out, and the *Florida's* boats were relieved from their unpleasant position as buoys, and they returned to their ship. Our work was reported to Captain Davis, and he requested the *Pocahontas* and the *Ottawa* to tow in and sink all the ships they could after the moon had risen high enough to afford us light to see.
>
> At eight o'clock we were again at work. We towed in and sunk four more before the low water made it impossible for the loaded ships to be placed in position, and then we ran out again and anchored outside the bar.
>
> The *Pocahontas* towed in two during the evening. While we were at work the harbor was dotted with whale-boats, running from their respective ships to the *Cahawba*, carrying away their (the officers' and crews') baggage and the valuable sails and furniture of the ships. Some of the men-of-war boats were engaged in visiting the sunken ships and securing flour, potatoes, onions, and other acceptable provisions, rope, furniture, etc.

On the following day he writes again:

> I have frequently read of masts going by the board on ships at sea in a gale of wind, but never saw the deed performed till to-day. It is certainly worth witnessing, where you have not the accompaniments of a howling gale, a wild mountain sea, and a groaning ship, leaking at every joint beneath you. Under those circumstances the cutting away masts may afford a sense of relief, but none of gratification or pleasure. But with a fleet of ships sunk across and blockading an important channel, leading to what was once a thrifty city, but what is now the seat of rebellion, and an object of just revenge, the dismasting of the hulks, within sight of the rebel flags and rebel guns, is really an unalloyed pleasure. One feels that at least one cursed rat-hole has been closed, and one avenue of supplies cut off by the hulks, and any thing that adds to the efficiency of the work affords additional pleasure. Most of the ships in sinking had listed to one side, and the masts, of course, stood at an angle over their sides.
>
> The braces and shrouds on the weather side were cut by the sharp axe of the whaleman, and the tall masts, swaying for an instant, fell together with a loud crash, the sticks snapping like brittle pipe-stems close to the deck, and striking the water like an avalanche, beating it into a foam and throwing the spray high into the air. For an hour or two this crashing, smashing sound was heard on every side, and one after another ship became a mere hulk upon the waters. All were dismasted save the *Robin Hood*, which was spared for another purpose.
>
> The scene presented in the harbor when the work was done was novel and interesting. Here were fifteen dismasted hulks, in every possible position, lying across the channel—some on their port, others on their starboard sides. Some were under water forward, others aft. The sea swept over some of them; others stood on upright keels, and spouted water from their sides, as the heavy swells raised them and dropped them heavily down upon the sand again; and proudly, among them all, was the East Indiaman, brave *Robin Hood*, with her graceful, tapering masts towering aloft, and apparently still afloat.

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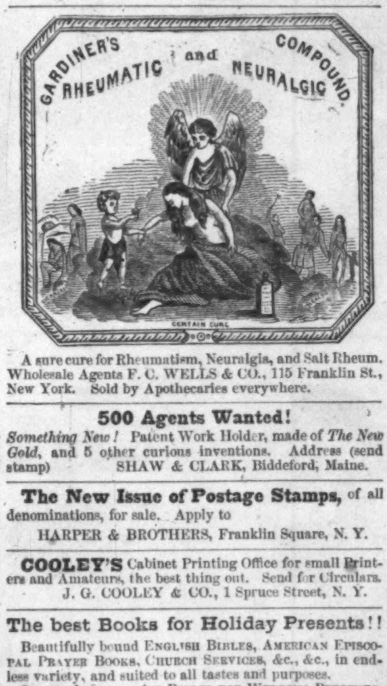

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